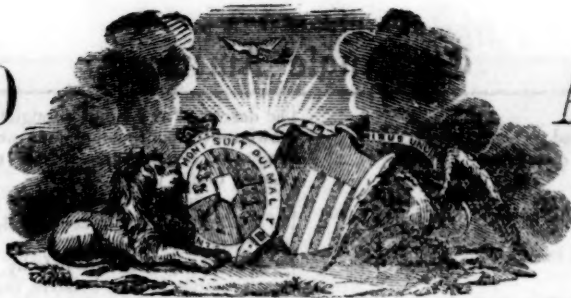


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OLD CRIES.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh, dearly do I love "Old Cries"
That touch my heart and bid me look
On "Bowpots" plucked neath summer skies,
And "Watercresses" from the brook.
It may be vain, it may be weak,
To list when common voices speak,
But rivers with their broad, deep course,
Pour from a mean and unmarked source;
And so my warmest tide of soul
From strange unbedded springs will roll.
"Old cries," "old cries"—there is not one
But hath a mystic tissue spun
Around it, flinging on the ear
A magic mantle rich and dear,
From "Hautboys," pottled in the sun,
To the loud wish that cometh when
The tune of midnight "waits" is done
With "A merry Christmas, gentlemen,
And a happy new year"

The clear spring dawn is breaking, and there cometh with the ray,
The stripling boy with "shining face" and dame in "hadden grey;"
Rude melody is breathed by all—young—old—the strong and weak,
From manhood with its early tone and age with treble squeak.
Forth come the little busy "Jacks," and forth come little "Gills,"
As thick and quick as working ants about their summer hills,
With baskets of all shapes and makes, of every size and sort,
Away they trudge, with eager step through alley, street, and court.
A spicy freight they bear along, and earnest is their care
To guard it like a tender thing from morning's nipping air,
And though our rest be broken by their voices shrill and clear,
There's something in the well known "cry" we dearly love to hear.
'Tis old familiar music when "the old woman runs"
With "One a penny, two a penny, Hot Cross Buns."
Fell many a cake of dimity make has gained a good renown,
We all have lauded "gingerbread" and "parliament" done brown;
But when did luscious "Banburies," or even "Sally Luns,"
Lure yield such merry chorus theme as "one a penny bun."
The pomp of palate that may be like old Vitellius fed,
Can never feast as mine did on the sweet and fragrant bread,
When quick impatience could not wait to share the early meal,
But eyed the pile of "Hot Cross Buns," and dared to snatch and steal.
Oh the soul must be uncouth as a Vandal's, Goth's, or Hun's,
That loveth not the melody of "One a penny bun."

There was a man in olden time,
And a troubadour was he,
Whose passing chant and lilting rhyme
Had mighty charms for me.

My eyes grew big with a sparkling stare,
And my heart began to swell,
When I heard his loud song filling the air
About "Young lambs to sell."
His flocks were white as the falling snow,
With collars of shining gold,
And I chose from the pretty ones "all of a row,"
With a joy that was untold.
Oh, why did the gold become less bright,
Why did the soft fleece lose its white,
And why did the child grow old?

'Twas a blythe bold song, the old man sung,
The words came fast, and the echoes rung,
Merry and free as a "marriage bell;"
And a right good troubadour was he,
For the hive never swarmed to the chinking key,
As the wee things did when they gathered in glee,
To his eloquent "cry"—"Young lambs to sell."

Ah, well a-day! it hath passed away,
With my holiday pence and my holiday play—
I wonder if I could listen again,
As I listened then to that old man's strain.

And there was "a cry" in the days gone by,
That ever came when my pillow was nigh;
When tired and spent, I was passively led
By a mother's hand to my own sweet bed—
My lids grew heavy—my glance was dim,
As I yawned in the midst of a cradle hymn—
When the watchman's echo lull'd me quite,
With "Past ten o'clock, and a starlight night."

Well I remember the hideous dream,
When I struggled in terror, and strove to scream,
As I took a wild leap o'er the precipice steep,
And convulsively flung off the incubus sleep—

How I loved to behold the moonshine cold,
Illume each well-known curtain-fold,
And how I was soothed by the watchman's warning,
Of "Past three o'clock, and a moonlight morning."

Oh, there was music in this old "cry,"
Whose deep rough tones will never die;
No rare serenade will put to flight
The chant that proclaim'd "a stormy night."
The "watchmen of the city" are gone,
The church-bell speaketh, but speaketh alone;
We hear no voice at the wintry dawning,
With "Past five o'clock and a cloudy morning."
Ah, well-a-day! it hath passed away,
But I sadly miss the cry,
That told in the night, when the stars were bright,
Or the rain-cloud veiled the sky.
Watchmen, watchmen, ye are among
The bygone things that will haunt me long.

"Three bunches a penny, primroses!"
Oh, dear is the greeting of Spring,
When she offers her dew-spangled posies,
The fairest creation can bring.

"Three bunches a penny, primroses!"
The echo resounds in the mart,
And the simple "cry" often unclothes
The worldly bars grating man's heart.

We reflect, we contrive, and we reckon
How best we can gather up wealth;
We go where bright finger-posts beckon
Till we wander from Nature and Health.

But the "old cry" shall burst on our scheming,
The song of "Primroses" shall flow,
And "Three bunches a penny" set dreaming
Of all that we loved long ago.

It brings visions of meadow and mountain,
Of valley, and streamlet, and hill,
When life's ocean but played in a fountain—
Ah, would that it sparkled so still!

It conjures back shadowless hours,
When we threaded the wild forest ways,
When our own hand went seeking the flowers,
And our own lips were shouting their praise.

The perfume and tint of the blossom
Are as fresh in vale, dingle, and glen;
But say, is the pulse of our bosom
As warm and as bounding as then.

"Three bunches a penny, primroses,"
"Three bunches a penny," come buy;
A blessing on all the spring posies,
And good will to the poor ones who "cry."

"Lavender, sweet Lavender,"
With "Cherry Ripe" is coming,
While the drowsing beetles whirr,
And merry bees are humming.

"Lavender, sweet Lavender,"
Oh, pleasant is the crying;
While the rose leaves scarcely stir,
And downy moths are flying.

Oh, dearly do I love "old cries,"
Your "Lilies all a blowing,"
Your blossoms blue still wet with dew,
"Sweet Violets all a growing."

Oh, happy were the days methinks,
In truth the best of any,
When "Periwinkles, winkle, wink, winks,"
Allured my last lone penny.

Oh, what had I to do with cares
That bring the frown and furrow,
When "Walnuts" and "Fine mellow pears,"
Beat Catalani thorough.

Fell dearly do I love "Old Cries,"
And always turn to hear them;
And though they cause me some few sighs,
Those sighs do but endear them.

My heart is like the fair sea-shell,
There's music ever in it;
Though bleak the shore where it may dwell,
Some power still lives to win it.

When music fills the shell no more,
'Twill be all crushed and scattered;
And when this heart's wild tone is o'er,
'Twill be all cold and shattered.

Oh, vain will be the hope to break
Its last and dreamless slumbers,
When "Old Cries" come and fail to wake
Its deep and fairy numbers.

THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN—A TALE OF 1760.

BY HARRY LORREQUER, AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—COMING TO THE ASSIZES.

The Lady stude on the castle wall,
Beheld baith dale and down,
When she was 'ware of a host of men,
Came riding towards the town.—OLD BALLAD.

The nobles of our land
Were much delighted then,
To have at their command
A crew of lusty men.—TIME'S ALTERATION.

The Tipperary assizes were at hand, and the county town, Clonmel, had given notice of their near approach, by the usual premonitory symptoms. The streets and the inhabitants put on an air of fête and expectancy. Shops and shop-windows displayed, so far as the lowering projections of heavy pent-houses admitted of display, more than the customary attractions. New and fair faces were to be seen behind the counters, and often graciously at the doors. New wares, millinery, jewellery, ornaments and habiliments for belle and beau—arms, too, for both—the fan to be wielded by the white small hand, which looked still smaller beneath the expanded engine it brandished—the rapier, hanger, and cane, for the ruder hand of man—gold-laced hats, perukes, and most elaborate head-dresses, were artfully and invitingly set forth to view. The hotels had their reinforcements of hostlers, waiters, runners—some lingering and lounging at the gate-ways—some thrown out like scouts in advance of a position. The ambulatory establishments of hair-dressers, who made their circuit with the bar, had become fixed for the week, and were in expectation of the artists who were to preside in them. All was bustle and excitement, and all, except the sad brows of culprits, who looked from the grated windows or orifices in their cells on the preparation in the streets below, all was gay. Alas! what petty interests and expectancies can alienate human hearts from human sympathies!

Nearly opposite the gaol, and full in view of it, stood the principal hotel of the town, the Spread Eagle—a name given by the usual courtesy to the nondescript creature which hung proxy for the regal bird, expanded all abroad on the capacious sign-board. The Spread Eagle was an inn where the sojourner might take his ease amid many comforts. The spacious window of the bar, which occupied the front of the ground floor, held forth a promise amply redeemed in the story above, where the public room of the inn extended through the whole depth of the house, and opened towards the street through a window so large, that it constituted one side of the room, upon a commodious and ample balcony. Hither, on a serene forenoon in the summer of 1757, sounds of bustle and hilarity in the town attracted a merry group, who left their well-covered tables to slake the awakened appetite of curiosity. The same sounds had penetrated the dungeon, and smote upon the hopeless hearts of drooping captives. Sad faces appeared at the unglazed and strong-barred apertures in the gloomy edifice on the opposite side of the street; but such was the nature of the gulph between the imprisoned and the prosperous free, that it admitted no interchange of benevolence.

However inveterate may be the wickedness of the heart of individual man, it must be admitted that social humanity has participated in the improvement and progress of the century. There is a sublime, and a beautiful, and a picturesque, in morals, as well as in the physical creation; there is an art or science of the poetical and true in the one department as well as in the other; and with the advance of civilization, the rules and principles of this art have become better understood and appreciated. Taste in morals and taste in scenery have alike improved, learning on the one hand to respect nature, and on the other to pay the homage of unconscious admiration to the excellence of Christian principle. It could scarcely happen now, that in a group of happy men, confronted by such a spectacle as the prison of Clonmel exhibited, there should not be found some heart sensible to a feeling of compassion, and some voice to speak for the unfortunate. On the occasion commemorated by our story it was not so. The dungeon walls and bars seemed to be as much thought of by the guests of the Spread Eagle as the wretches who pined and trembled within them. This was all, however unamiable, perfectly consistent. When profligacy and excess are worshipped among the virtues, the humanities will be but slightly regarded.

The guests of the Spread Eagle, and the townsmen of Clonmel, had something more attractive to gaze on than the faded countenances of captives. The judges were to enter, and the assizes to be opened, before the close of the day. In anticipation, the country gentlemen were now beginning to assemble, and the streets were in a bustle to receive them.

There was something very impressive in the manner in which the aristocracy of that day presented themselves upon occasions of pomp and ceremony among the people. Favourite actors were not more attentive to costume, nor were theatrical processions arranged more carefully than the "exits and entrances" of the gentlemen of Munster, when they assembled at the assizes. The town was their stage—the whole public their auditory; and they dressed and decorated with an anxiety not less than professional, to produce effect. Nor was this ostentation impolitic. By the high bearing of the gentry, a sense of their superiority was impressed upon the people; and passions were frequently overawed and kept in check by a stately carriage, which, had they broken out in popular violence, would have been with very great difficulty resisted. The times, too, demanded, on the part of every gentleman, a train attendant, on which he could place reliance for needful defence, no less than for purposes of show. He lived surrounded by a population where law was had in little esteem. Its licitors, the constabulary of the time, were not well qualified to add to its majesty or its terrors—to grace its pomps, or to enforce its ordinances. The military, narrowly limited in numbers, and widely dispersed, could do little more than retain the towns, and occasionally make demonstrations of strength, to overawe a turbulent district. Every landed proprietor was thus taught to feel that he must find protection in his own stout heart and practised arm, and in the services of his faithful retainers. Thus each gentleman, according to his property and degree, had a train more or less numerous, constituting, whatever he chose to call it, what was substantially his body-guard. The system of fashion might

be described as general throughout the country. The gentleman had his followers—the poor man of influence had his faction. All had something to look to for protection, different from, and often opposed to, the laws which all professed to live under.

The country gentlemen were assembling, and from time to time, some one of the party in the balcony would point out a new comer, and add a notice of his titles and distinction.

A company of twenty rode by, two and two, the men attired in long great coats, pistols in their holsters, and hangers by their sides. The multitudes at the sides of the street saw them pass in a grim silence.

"Does Sir Thomas himself not come to-day?" asked a gentleman on the balcony of his neighbour.

"Sir Thomas Brazier not come with his men?" was the response. "Surely he does. Look there at the end of the company—Sir Thomas is guarding his own guards. There will be a terror on the mob till he passes them by."

The subject of this observation was now in sight, a man of middle age, massive, it might be said, in features and figure; his eyes large, stern, and cold; his colouring deep as of a Moor. He was mounted on a powerful and very spirited black horse; and, except that his sword was straight, was armed as his retainers. It was evident he was not in favour with the town; but it was equally evident they who loved him not, stood in fear of him. Occasionally a motion and a murmur would be discernible in the crowd as he rode along, but a look from him was enough to compose it.

"There you go," said the gentleman who had spoken last. "stout and hard Sir Thomas! Well you know your men would not be safe after you. No, though there are not handier fellows at the pistol or the hanger, not in the barony. 'Tis something to trust them with their costly dress. Do you know that every one of these large buttons is silver? They are in the Brazier family for three generations. Coats are put to them from time to time; but the buttons of old Sir Archibald, when he was made a baronet, are now in the coats of his grandson's servants. Not one of them was ever missing—many a fight they caused here; but Sir Thomas will have them on the liveries."

"He has evidently few or no friends in the crowd," observed a stranger.

"Friends, sir!—I suppose there is not a man there, the poorest among them, that would not rather see the thirty dozen of his livery buttons showered melting hot down Brazier's throat, than have the hundred pounds they'd sell for safe in his own pocket. 'Twill be a long day before they forget to him the start he played them and the whole country, when he was sheriff. What a night that was. Mr. Moore, you are welcome—and this is your blooming daughter. Mrs. Mary, by your leave, I have my privilege, in my seventy-three good years"—and taking off his hat with an air of deference, he saluted the blushing cheek of the young lady. "You remember well, Mr. Moore, the night Sir Thomas had the Maras hanged by torch light?"

"Remember? I'd like to see the man, Mr. Chamberlain, that can ever forget that night. And it was not for any thing remarkable that happened, for God knows hanging is no uncommon affair with us, but it was the awfulness that was upon one's spirits. Every thing looked so frightful in the unnatural light, and the cries of the people from the dark lanes were wonderful. One would think that the very worst of the dead were coming amongst us."

"You must know, sir," said the old gentleman, Mr. Chamberlain, to the stranger who afforded him a convenient opportunity of relating his knowledge, "You must know that one of the Maras was foster brother to Prittyman of Gayville, and had beside the strongest faction in the country. The petition was ready to be sent up to Dublin Castle, and all the prisoners had to do was to get a long day from the time of the sentence. Well, it was dark in the evening when the jury came in with the verdict. You could not see a feature in any man's face. But there was not much thought about the thing for a while. Every one knew the fellows must be brought in guilty. The judge, Judge Crofton, put on the black cap, and Sir Thomas Brazier, the sheriff, standing at his side—he passed sentence of death, and Maras says, firm enough, though his voice was not quite stout—"A long day, my lord."—Not a word for a while from the judge. He made Sir Thomas Brazier sit at his side on the bench. You never saw in your life anything like the court-house. A kind of unknown terror seemed to be creeping in the dimness through people's hearts, and the place was so silent, that the whispering of the judge and the sheriff, although the meaning of their words could not be made out, could be heard—we all heard it through the whole court. At last the judge speaks up, and speaks to the prisoners. They were to be taken from the dock to the prison, where their bolts were to be stricken off, and they were to be taken thence without a pause to the place of execution, where they were to die. Oh! sir, death is dreadful enough in its mildest form—but such a form as that. If there was terror in the silence of the court, what was it to the shout of horror when this terrible sentence was given. But Brazier was ready for every thing. He had sixty livery men that year; he had all the constables, such as they were, of the county. They took off the men from the dock, in a faint, and before an hour they were dead. To be sure they were desperate villains, highwaymen, and murderers; and this I must say, the gang they commanded has disappeared from the country; but all won't do for Brazier. If he was to live as long as his grandfather, who followed the hounds when he was eighty-six years of age, and lived to an hundred, that one night would never be forgotten or forgiven to him."

"Father," cried the young lady, "who is the fine old gentleman yonder, with that shocking squinting servant?"

Low as she spoke, the watchful Mr. Chamberlain overheard her, and replied—

"That, Mrs. Mary, is Mr. Neville, of Garretstown. He need not ride in company for protection, and there's his well-known cropped tail mare. He has rode that beast on more occasions than one, eighty miles in a day, from Dublin to his own house, and for sixty miles of the way never touched the road. The fields are safer for a man with well stored pockets, than the king's highway. Here in Ireland the robber has more dominion over it than his Majesty."

"But tell me, Chamberlain, is not that squinting rascal, Pearson the highwayman? So I have heard tell at least."

"Not a doubt of the matter! Neville got him a kind of pardon."

"I wish you would tell my daughter the story of the first meeting between master and man. My memory is not very good, and I should give at the best but a confused account of the thing."

"I cannot be employed more to my satisfaction, Mrs. Mary. To wait upon the fair was always my honour and delight. I only wish my story may entertain you. Neville, though he does not touch a card or a dice-box now, was fond of high play some years back, and often won and lost monstrously. The hardest day and night he ever spent was in Dublin, about the time of Chesterfield, when Neville led a dashing life for a winter or two. There were two

young English lords, and there was long Will Carroll, and Dick Swop Trimmer—he was called Swop, from a habit that he never got rid of, till in swopping a brace of bullets with Bob Harding, with no ground measured, in the Phoenix Park, poor Dick swopt his life.

"Poor fellow, I suppose no body ever saw him come out of a merry set of fellows in the same clothes that he joined them. And to be sure the changes were often uncommon odd. Well, Dick is gone; and there was cosey Ned Blakeney. Poor Ned—I saw him last spring in Dublin, and he leaning on a servant, creeping on the Beau-walk, bent double, and shaking, head, limbs, and hands. And still he goes to the Blazers, and has a man hired to throw the dice for him. Mrs. Mary, Mrs. Mary, never you favour a gambler. Don't take pattern from your cousin, Miss Ingleby, who says she would not marry a prince, if he was not card-mad. There are few that recover as Neville did. Well, ma'am, the party passed the day, from dinner on a Tuesday, at three o'clock, until about the same hour on Wednesday, four and twenty hours at hazard, without an interruption, except for whatever refreshment they took. Neville was a great winner. They say he made up for all his losses in the season, and added a smart sum to the back of it. What does he do, but just turn the promissory notes of the two young Englishmen into cash, mount his horse, (God bless me—'twas that very crop-tailed mare—she must be near twenty years of age) and off for Kildare, on his way to Garretstown.

"It was about nine o'clock when he arrived, and as he entered the inn-parlour, after having seen his mare put up, (he was without a servant,) a waiter was bringing in a roast duck and a mutton chop of the most tempting savour. A man dressed like a respectable grazier was seated near the fire, at a table spread for supper, and you may be sure it took little persuasion to make Neville join him. Well, ma'am, down he sat, did ample justice to the good things before him, and shared in a cheerful glass. At that time, Neville was not the man, any more than now, to stop the bottle.

"But, what do you think the grazier was?"

"A robber, may be, sir!"

"You are right, Mrs. Mary. A robber—no less—and what a robber! the very fellow you saw just now, riding so demurely after his master. Yes, indeed, gentlemen, Pearson and Neville were the pair who sat in such friendly fashion at the supper-table. They talked of one thing and another, but, at last, they fell upon the subject of highway robbers, and Pearson spoke as if he was greatly afraid of falling into his own hands, and being robbed by himself. It was not precisely in these words he described his apprehensions.

"There is a very desperate fellow, I am told," said he, "infesting these roads, a fellow called Pearson. They say nobody escapes him!"

"A fellow!" cried Neville, "don't you mean a gang?"

"No," says the other, "I mean what I say, one fellow—but he's worse than a gang of fifty. I waited two days, on my way up, till I joined a strong party of dealers, and glad enough we all were when we got safe through Pearson's haunts."

"Well, Neville would not understand that any one man should be afraid of another, 'I might be shot from a hedge, or a bush,' says he, 'but I take to the soil, I ride in the open field, and if any one man was to rob me there, why, he may have my purse with a welcome—I deserve to lose it.' This was the way they chatted, Neville talking the bolder as the bottle went round, and as the rogue Pearson seemed to be more timid.

"The next day, Neville set off at his usual hour, early enough it was, and was not far on his way, when he sees his companion (he caught the squint at once) coming suddenly from a corner where the hedge hid him, and riding fast at him. Neville, at a thought, saw how it was, 'Good morrow, sir,' says the fellow, 'my name is Pearson, at your service, and by the authority of this little implement,' holding a pistol within a yard of his head, 'I bid you deliver, just to teach you what one man can do.'

"I deliver at your order," says Neville, 'but it is not to one, but to you, and that man behind you.'

"Pearson turned one look behind him, and in that instant Neville shot him in the neck.

"The thing was not over yet, there was a desperate struggle between the two strong men, and both fell from their horses, and fought on the ground, but at last Neville, and the wound in the neck, were too strong for Pearson. He yielded, and, however they settled the affair, Neville took him back to Dublin, went to the Castle, got his pardon signed and sealed, and they have never parted since."

A young man, who had stood hitherto silent, but had listened with earnest attention to the last story, here interposed, to inquire of the narrator whether Neville had a family.

Mr. Chamberlain turned quickly at the sound of the voice, and paused for a few seconds, gazing on the young man, before he answered.

The form he looked on might excite a gaze of approval. It was that of a singularly handsome young man, in deep mourning, a dress which the fashion of the times rendered more remarkable than it would be now. He was of tall stature, gracefully and vigorously formed, with a face and head in character with the figure they crowned—his whole air and appearance such as might have aided the imagination of that statuary who bodied forth the Apollo. Chamberlain was silent for a few seconds, at length, he said—

"No, young gentleman, Neville never married. He was once, it is said, madly taken with a papist lady, a celebrated toast in her day. And she was said to favour him, although he was then a younger brother, his pocket as empty of coin, as his head was of care. Friends were in opposition, as well as fortune. Times changed, however. Neville came in for the family property. The country expected to see a lady return with him when he came down from court. The oddest change of all, however, was the next. The lady would not be Mrs. Neville. The reason was never known, except to the parties themselves. They remained both unmarried, and Neville came back, the first of his family, a staunch Hapoverian."

"You may add," said Mr. Moore, "that, whatever he is in principle, Jacobite, or Georgite, or all-for-himself-ite, he is a pattern to the country for conduct. I'd take five to one, as far as a few guineas go, that, through this whole assizes week, if he remains so long among us, he does not drink once to intoxication—and although he makes up well, at home, for any such little casual abstemiousness, I would take an even wager, that no man ever finds him unfit to do business, from eight o'clock in the morning, till dinner time. He makes it a rule, he says, never to get drunk in a walled town—this, he says, is the Desmond privilege modernized—and when in the country, even in his own house, it is his pride to be able to walk, not, perhaps, very straight—but still to walk, without being carried, to his bed. I'll tell you a good story about that. One night, he happened to go to bed sober—"

"By-and-by, if you please, Mr. Moore, here comes something that would interrupt it."

This was said as the music of trumpets and kettle-drums reached the ears of the party, and a murmur of more impatient expectation kindled in the human mass below. "There they come," continued the spokesman of the balcony, as the music ceased, and the tramp of horses' feet became plainly audible. The proud cavalcade was presently in sight. First, came trumpets and kettle-drums in rich liveries, their horses' heads and manes highly decorated. A train of stalwart yeomen followed, in uniform great coats and hats, all armed with sword and pistol, and all well mounted. They were not fewer than fifty. At a little interval from this troop, drawn by six splendid greys, a light postilion, of jockey frame, and in jockey costume, controlling each pair, three ladies, a mother and her daughters, were seated in one of the high phaetons of the day. This ambitious carriage was properly named. Its towering elevation had something of a phaetonic character. A fanciful observer, who compared the dizzy altitude where the three fair forms were seated, with the light and ethereal character of their appearance, might have solved to himself the question, "how came they there?" by imagining that creatures of the air had lighted in their flying course, and stooped to the vehicle, rather than that mortals, of material and ponderous bodies, had climbed to such an elevation. Around, and in advance of the carriage, rode several gentlemen, in the gay habiliments of the time—behind, came the outriders, who had fallen back, on the entrance of the party into the town—all, both gentlemen and servants, armed.

But perhaps the charm of the procession was a vision of two fair boys, who rode one on each side of the phaeton. They were beautiful by nature; and every aid that could heighten the effect of beauty had been bestowed on them. Their horses, tall, shapely, full of fire, obeyed them as if the children were the visible forms of their own will; and as from time to time they parted on messages smilingly addressed to them by their delighted mother, the effect of the movement was indescribable: the splendid coursers caracolled, so as to exhibit, if such a thing were possible, care as well as pride of their gay burden; and the fair boys, bearing with all the glee of their age and of the moment, the message entrusted to them—now to some favourite dependant in the yeoman cavalcade—now to some more honoured gentleman, who reigned in his horse and rode forward to the carriage.

For a moment there was silence, then a long cheer, repeated again and again by the multitude, and so loudly, that when it ceased in the streets, the mountain echoes could be heard prolonging it.

"The Right Honourable Walter Derinzy, M. P." said Mr. Chamberlain. "They are always well received here; you cannot wonder at it when you see the stuff they are made of. Is she not beautiful? I scarcely know which is lovelier—mother or daughter; sometimes I am almost at a loss to decide which of the three is the youngest. You see Derinzy riding there, speaking to Black Jack Spendall—that noble-looking fellow is Derinzy. And to see how he is backed: not a gentleman around him that has not been out, not one, I believe, who has not killed or wounded his man. Did you see that little weakened thing—that thing with a hump, riding immediately behind Derinzy? Little Boyce. You might well ask, what place could there be for an abortion like him on such a day? That man was six and twenty years old,"—and Chamberlain doled out the syllables as if every item were precious as attar of roses—"before he ever fought a duel. The fact is, nobody thought of him as a man to be tried; and it was rumoured that he was thinking of entering the church, and that, dwindled and misshapen as he was, the archbishop of Cashel (his Grace was somehow related to his mother) would ordain him. All of a sudden a report gets out that he was to meet a very sporting fellow that had fought in this county fifteen times, and was never known to miss his man—that was Red Bunbury. Such a thing I never saw in all my days. Bunbury was a magnificent man, six feet two inches high—you can see what Boyce is. When put on the ground, he looked more like a badger or a monkey than a man. May I be hanged, but he shot Bunbury—shot him at six and thirty paces; I measured the distance from the oddity of the thing, when I saw the man drop. The two were put into the 'bloody field,' and says Green, (he was second to Boyce,) 'the pistols are charged for a long shot—take your aim steady. Bunbury will give you time.' Then he turned to the crowd—they were pressing closer than was convenient or safe. 'I have a notion,' says he, 'it would be better for you to stand further off—God only knows' (as if God concerned himself in such follies; I never like to hear his name pronounced on occasions of this description,) 'in what direction either of the parties in this business may happen to fire; so you had better take care of yourselves.' But for all this he stuck close enough to his man, the little lord; and there was a space round the two, though they were far enough asunder (I mean the principals,) that you could see every move they made; and at Boyce's side, from where I was, every word of his second I could hear as plain as you hear me, the crowd was so silent and attentive. There was Bunbury, like a colossus, moving in circles, every one nearer than the last, and so gradually getting within range. All the while the little hump-back stood still—never stirred from the spot, and moved his pistol following Bunbury, as he wheeled. 'Harry, my boy,' I could hear Green say now and then, 'steady, the tiger is on the prowl—Bunbury is on the circuit; keeping up the little fellow's courage. Then he'd look along the pistol and pistol arm—' A little lower—a thought to the right—not so much—have you him now? 'Like a woodcock,' says Boyce, speaking through his teeth. 'Keep him.' Not a word for a second or two—then Green moved a few steps aside—I suppose it was a signal—Boyce fired, and down dropt Bunbury."

"Dead?"

"No, madam, not dead; he lived or lingered a year after, but Boyce's bullet did his business. Look, ma'am, at that tall gentleman at the other side of Derinzy—you know him, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; the agreeable Colonel Longueville?"

"It is to be hoped that his last affair may last him for the remainder of his life. At his years and mine, Mrs. Mary, there's more to be thought of than the laws of honour. But indeed Longueville's affair was a thing of the moment; it arose out of the great trial of the Swindletraps, at the assizes before last. Longueville was the chief witness against them, and Miles Swindletrap thought he might put him out of the way. The colonel used to walk early in the morning by the water side—Miles took care to meet him, and the thing was soon settled. A word and a blow affair. They drew—both good swordsmen—but Swindletrap was in the duel what he used to be in court. Longueville made two passes that should either of them have settled the matter. Suddenly he hears a fellow in the crowd (for you may be sure there's no place so lonely that a duel wont bring a multitude there,) cry out the word 'rabbits.' Now, just think of his quickness in such a time; he pushes next straight for the neck, where rabbits are sometimes killed with a stroke, and the sword goes clean through the throat and out at the back of the head—Swindletrap was buffed. Longueville wipes the blood off his sword—'Not bad,' says he, 'for seventy-two,' and walks back to breakfast."

For some time during this narrative distant cheering had been heard; it was

now nearer, and was reiterated in volleys so impetuous and rapid, that the effect was irresistible. The phaeton had by this time drawn up near the inn door, where the ladies were to be directed to the apartments prepared for them. As the cheering grew louder, the two fair boys rode up to the vehicle, interchanged a word with their happy mother, and parted at a rapid gallop, passing fleetly along the cavalcade before them, bearing with them the eyes and thoughts of all observers, towards the opposite end of the street.

From that quarter a procession, unique in its character, was presently seen advancing. It consisted of pedestrians—Irish, as their dress and unmistakable physiognomy plainly testified. First came a species of advanced-guard, consisting of about twenty men, ten abreast, unarmed, except with shillelaghs, of which each man handled a ponderous specimen. Then there was a space in which a car of somewhat fantastic form followed, drawn by four oxen, almost milk white, of unusual magnitude and beauty. Before this singular vehicle stalked two mountaineers of almost gigantic stature and of very athletic proportions, each bearing a hunting pole of about fifteen feet high. At each side of the team strode a similar attendant, and two of the same description walked after the carriage. The procession was closed as it was headed by a body of twenty persons. At each side of the car, in conversation occasionally with its fair occupants, walked a gentleman of distinguished air and appearance. In the carriage was a group less fair, but scarcely less beautiful, than were enthroned in the phaeton.

The two boys had also taken their places at the sides of this novel carriage, and with bared heads—clustering curls falling loose on their shoulders, and plumed caps in their hands—they rode back, occasionally interchanging a word or smile with the ladies on whom they waited.

It was impossible not to discern in the acclamations of the populace, an enthusiasm ardent and genuine—of the description which does not come at a call, and which it would be impossible to counterfeit. Many were to be seen running after the car, and actually casting themselves down to kiss the print of the wheels where they were discernible in the street. By the time they reached the hotel, the fair Derinzys had descended from their aerial elevation, and stood at the inn door to receive their friends. The carriage had been removed, and a space was thus left open for the wain to approach its destination. A crowd which had approached, and surrounded the car, engaged its occupants, and for a few minutes prevented their egress. They interchanged smiles and greetings with their friends, and were endeavouring to disengage themselves gently from the affectionate importunities of the attendant crowd, while a brief dialogue was held between the heads of the respective houses, to the effect following:—

"My dear Barnewell, why will you return to this motley style of moving? Are you not sure that there is not a man in the county, who would dare, or wish, to question you, if every horse in your stud were equal to Godolphin?"

"Perhaps not, my friend; but while the law says no Papist shall have a horse worth five pounds, I will not take an alms of the indulgence to keep one.* Connivance is not toleration. I would rather put the law to shame than evade it. And I would rather crawl in the dust, than owe permission to ride in a coach or saddle, to the tender mercies of Cromwell's descendants. To think that I must have no security more honourable for the privilege to bestride a good beast, than the charity of the very vilest gentleman in a greasy doublet, that scowls upon me in that crowd!"

The balcony was so immediately above the parties speaking, that the words could be distinctly heard there—so commandingly above the crowd as to afford a clear view of the prelude to an incident which brought the dialogue to an abrupt termination.

The youth of whom we have already spoken, stood conspicuous, gazing with looks of admiration on the occupants of the car. A mother and fair daughter, they must have been, who occupied the raised seat; the child, too, on a cushion at the matron's feet, it was evident must have called her mother. The multitude generally revered this group, for the blood of the ancient Irish Princes which circulated in their veins, and the pride, with something of scorn, in the still youthful matron's lip and eye, needed not the assistance of a diadem to give a regal character to her beauty. Her costume was studiously contrived to harmonize remembrance of past times with the exactments of modern fashion, and in her countenance and carriage might be discerned a slight consciousness of the enthusiasm of which she felt herself the object. The expression in the face of her pale daughter was of alarm and amazement, but it not the less enhanced the effect of her engaging and delicate features. The excitement of the populace seemed only proportionate to the occasion. The very beasts that drew the car, by a natural and easy stretch of imagination, might be thought conscious of the honour done them, as, were they instinct with human intellect, the oxen might be imagined to be, who were yoked to the car of Cybele.

All are not classical, or prone to indulge in classical associations. While the young Apollo on the balcony gave himself to the poetry of this singular procession, its effect upon some of the crowd was very different.

One fellow held a wicked looking bull dog in a slip, and gazed upon the stately beasts with looks scarcely less eager and vicious than those of his canine companion. "See," said the voice of Mr. Chamberlain, "I do not like that rascal's looks"—but the observation was superfluous—it was too late to be of use—neither of the brutes, human or inhuman, could resist the attraction of the oxen. The noose was opened, and with a sound of encouragement the dog was loosed. In the same instant, another furious creature starting from concealment, sprang forth to seize a prey, and a roar of rage burst from the tormented oxen. The success of the assailants was momentary. The giants stationed at each beast's head, in the same instant lifted their poles, and the dogs fell motionless and lifeless, as if a heavy waggon had passed over and crushed them. But the mischief was done. The mighty beasts reared and struggled; fresh dogs were slipped upon them, unseen adversaries shewed themselves rising up against the keepers; and in the clash of conflict between exasperated men, and the violent efforts of powerful beasts tormented to madness, there was a confusion more than ordinarily terrible.

The condition of the ladies had become exceedingly perilous—surrounded in the midst of a desperate conflict, by a throng through which their natural protectors could not force a rapid passage, a moment might have proved fatal to them. In that critical moment they found a preserver. The admiration of the youth on the balcony did not exhaust itself in looks. The instant he saw the danger, he called out to the disorderly crowd to make way, in a voice heard above the din of the conflict, and stretching forward to the projecting sign post,

* This incident may possibly be objected to, as improbable. It can lay claim, however, to the defence that it is a fact. Other matters in the progress of the story may give rise to a similar objection, and let it here be said, in anticipation, that even where incidents seem less probable, that they may plead the same excuse. It is scarcely necessary to apprise the reader that the ordinary privileges have been sparingly and, as it is hoped, discreetly exercised in preparing the manuscript confided to the editor for publication.

seized it with a firm hand, and sprang down into the tumult below. His voice and gesture had had their effect. By a sudden effort the elements of strife opened, and a space was left clear where he alighted. Scarcely staggered by the shock, he instantly recovered command of himself, and with much dexterity and presence of mind, liberated the plunging oxen from the car. Barnewell and Derinzy had availed themselves of the opening made, when the crowd scattered at the vision of the youth descending upon them, and the ladies and child were speedily safe in the hotel.

In less time than might have been imagined, a score of troopers were in their saddles, and on duty to quell the riot. Prompt, however, as the military were in their preparations, the town's people were still more on the sharp. Indeed the changes in a pantomime, wrought by Harlequin's wand, might be more striking in effect, but could hardly be more rapidly and cleanly executed, than the alterations which a few minutes exhibited in the aspect of Clonmel. The moment the first token of fight was given, men could be seen in eager haste, but a haste which betrayed none of the confusion of novelty—

"So use doth breed a custom in a man!"

setting up shutters, bolts, and bars. In less, perhaps, than a minute, the gaiety and gaudiness of commerce seemed eclipsed. Every shop window in view was closed, and if, here and there, a hardy burgher dared still to leave the upper part of his doorway open—seen, as the aperture was, under the slated or thatched penthouses projecting over every shop, the darkness visible it disclosed by no means lessened the funereal aspect which the whole street presented.

Not a combatant, scarcely a human being, except at windows or on house-tops, was in sight when the cavalry drew up at the inn door. Oxen had fought for them no less effectually than some thousands of years before they had done his work for Hannibal. Even the passion for fighting took a chill before the horns, and at the bellowing, of the excited animals.

Elsewhere there was more disorder. A noise of fear and flight came from other parts of the town, and the troop of horse trotted in succession to various scenes of tumult. In one of these patrols, they gave occasion for a feat of much consequence in the history of the day, and in which the main performer was a boy.

Two of the oxen had rushed through what was called the "main street," driving multitudes before them, drawing multitudes after them, four of the gigantic keepers joining in the pursuit. Two had been arrested, and were held by the remaining keepers, the yoke which kept them together re-adjusted, and the great beasts pausing as if yet uncertain what course they would adopt. A crowd gathered round, above which the heads and shoulders of the giants towered in their proud attitude. One of them, as he looked down upon the group of common mortals around him, did not attempt to disguise or conceal his scorn; but in very unceremonious phrases, expressed his contempt of chicken hearted fellows that would make dumb beasts fight for their fun, and had not the christian spirit to give a man satisfaction—concluding his remonstrance and complaint with a challenge, in which there was little respect for his auditory.

"What's 'is walking-teeples saying," said a young man in a white jacket and hat, who stood at the outer edge of the crowd—"The words I hear don't please me, although I can't well make out their meaning."

"He says, if one of us is not a match for him, he'd be glad to have a bout at the fists, with any two at a time."

"That's not handsome," said the first speaker. Then, elevating his voice a little, he called out—"Do you hear, Mr. Fee-faw-fum, there's one at laist that will try to gratify you. You are of my own sort, I believe; but this is my native town, and — me if I allow any man, Roman or Protestant, to brag that he challenged the boys of Clonmel, and that there was none of 'em to take him up."

"Loud cheers for the 'hardy miller,' as the speaker was called, amidst which the crowd opened, and the antagonists stood confronted. Compared with men of the usual size, the miller would have been pronounced athletic and tall, but, seen near his gigantic opponent, his stature lost its advantages. And yet it was not great inferiority he displayed, but rather dissimilitude. They stood, when compared together, like beings different in species. A buffalo and tiger, breathing mutual defiance, might suggest a simile for them; or, rather, for there was no deadly purpose on either side, it was as if a boy Achilles and his gigantic preceptor had entered the gymnasium to contend.

"Now, boys," said the volunteer champion for his town, "give fair play, and be sure, above all things, to keep a large ring for me. For the honour of Clonmel, all of ye keep the line clear."

"A ring, a ring!—three cheers for brave Fitzgerald!—any man that breaks the ring will be a traitor to the town, and a murderer."

An ample ring was formed; giant number two stood outside with his oxen, while a volunteer second presently appeared for the giant about to be put on duty.

The cheers for Fitzgerald had had the effect of calling back some scattered run-aways. Among them was a boy of fourteen or fifteen years of age, who ran in speechless distress round the ring, seeking in vain for some practicable opening. He tried to raise himself on tip-toe; he knelt, endeavouring to obtain a prospect between the legs of the happier spectators. All was vain: a crowd, more than four deep, effectually obstructed him. At last, fortune took compassion on him. The outer giant was looking composedly over the circle, when the boy, in his eagerness, pressed rather rudely against his foot. It was a doubt whether the consequence was to be a kick or a kindness. The balance turned in the boy's favour.

"Do you wish to see the fight?" said the giant.

"O yes; I always like to see Maurice Fitzgerald fighting—he does it so terrible and so good-humoured."

"Well, my boughbill, you'll see his last fight to-day. Here, sit on this bullock, if you want to see how Fitzgerald will die."

"There's others that can die as well as jolly Maurice," said the boy, adjusting himself on the back of the stately beast, so as to command the best prospect of the ring.

Fitzgerald had disencumbered himself of every covering which could incommode him, while his towering adversary seemed to despise all such preparations.

"I'll give you a mark or two," said he, "but I don't think of taking the life of you. You are a brave little fellow to do such a thing as this sober."

"The best favour you can do me," replied Fitzgerald, "is to do your best. You may talk when the work is over."

"And first," said the giant, "your hand: let us fight fair."

They clasped hands, and their disparity was in no instance more plainly visible than when the tall man spread open the ample expanse in which he received the diminutive member of his rival. He had designed to make this amicable grasp an intimation of his great force, and perhaps to disable his competitor by

it. He was disappointed. The muscular strength of his antagonist exceeded his estimate; and, moved by the spirit of the young man who divined his purpose, and resolved to disconcert it, the small hand compressed the large with an energy by which the giant felt himself overmastered.

Holding the heavy hand prisoner for a while, and moving it with an air of command up and down, Fitzgerald said, in a tone which seemed much to encourage his friends—

"I advise you to play your very best. I never fought a man so big as you before, but there's many a stouter man that will remember Maurice Fitzgerald the longest day he lives."

These incidents had occurred in shorter time than has been spent in relating them. The champions were in attitude to ward and strike, and the conflict commencing, when the cavalry came down upon the crowd, and all dispersed. The oxen again took fright, tossed up their heads, erected their tails, and started forth in disorder. If one of them remembered the load on his back, it was not with the friendly purpose of taking care of it. Quite the reverse. The boy was immediately sent upon an excursion into the upper air; but he did not, as too many do, forget himself in his elevation. He came down with his wits about him, and, lighting unhurt, seized upon a rope attached to the trappings of the scared animals, and turned it round the public stocks, set up at the spot where he fell, in front of the Court-house. At a single plunge of the beasts, the fabric of indignity gave way, and, as they rushed through the streets, it clattered after, rendering their speed more wild and impetuous, and giving something of a comic character to the general alarm and disorder.

This incident had the effect of restoring universal good humour. Animosity gave way before the occasion of a hearty laugh. Parties but now at variance sought houses of public entertainment to drown their quarrels, and, in the space of an hour, shop doors were opened, windows unbarred and exposed, and the whole town resumed its gaiety. Such was Ireland ninety years ago.

MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

PART XII.—[Continued.]

The postillions cracked their whips, the little Norman horses tore their way over the rough pavement; the sovereign people scattered off on every side, to save their lives and limbs; and the plain of St. Denis, rich with golden corn, and tracked by lines of stately trees, opened far and wide before me. From the first ascent I gave a parting glance at Paris—it was mingled of rejoicing and regret. What hours of interest, of novelty, and of terror, had I not passed within the circuit of those walls! Yet, how the eye cheats reality!—that city of imprisonment and frantic liberty, of royal sorrow and of popular exultation, now looked a vast circle of calm and stately beauty. How delusive is distance in every thing! Across that plain, luxuriant with harvest, surrounded with those soft hills, and glittering in the purple of this glorious evening, it looked a paradise. I knew it—a pandemonium!

I speeded on—every thing was animated and animating in my journey. It was the finest season of the year; the roads were good; the prospects—as I swept down valley and rushed round hill, with the insolent speed of a government *employé*, leaving all meaner vehicles, travellers, and the whole workday world behind—seemed to me to redeem the character of French landscape. But how much of its colouring was my own! Was I not free? was I not returning to England? was I not approaching scenes, and forms, and the realities of those recollections, which, even in the field of battle, and at the foot of the scaffold, had alternately cheered and pained, delighted, and distressed me!—yet which, even with all their anxieties, were dearer than the most gilded hopes of ambition. Was I not about to meet the gay smile and poignant vivacity of Mariamne? was I not about to wander in the shades of my paternal castle? to see those relatives who were to shape so large a share of my future happiness; to meet in public life the eminent public men, with whose renown the courts and even the camps of Europe were already ringing: and last, proudest, and most profound feeling of all—was I not to venture near the shrine on which I had placed my idol; to offer her the solemn and distant homage of the heart; perhaps to hear of her from day to day; perhaps to see her noble beauty; perhaps even to hear that voice, of which the simplest accents sank to my soul. But I must not attempt to describe sensations which are in their nature indescribable; which dispose the spirit of man to silence; and which, in their true intensity, suffer but one faculty to exist, absorbing all the rest in deep sleep and delicious reverie.

I drove with the haste of a courier to London; and after having deposited my despatches with one of the under-secretaries of the Foreign office, I flew to Mordecai's den in the city. London appeared to me more crowded than ever; the streets longer, the buildings dingier; and the whole, seen after the smokeless and light-coloured towns of the Continent, looked an enormous manufactory, where men wore themselves out in perpetual blackness and bustle, to make their bread, and die. But my heart beat quickly as I reached the door of that dingiest of all its dwellings, where the lord of hundreds of thousands of pounds burrowed himself from the eyes of mankind.

I knocked, but was long unanswered; at last a meagre clerk, evidently of the "fallen people," and who seemed dug up from the depths of the dungeon, gave me the intelligence that "his master and family had left England." The answer was like an icebolt through my frame. This was the moment to which I had looked forward with, I shall not say what emotions. I could scarcely define them; but they had a share of every strong, every faithful, and every touching remembrance of my nature. My disappointment was a pang. My head grew dizzy, I reeled; and asked leave to enter the gloomy door, and rest for a moment. But this the guardian of the den was too cautious to allow; and I should have probably fainted in the street, but for the appearance of an ancient Rebecca, the wife of the clerk, who, feeling the compassion which belongs to the sex in all instances, and exerting the authority which is so generally claimed by the better-halves of men, pushed her husband back, and led the way into the old cobwebbed parlour where I had so often been. A glass of water, the sole hospitality of the house, revived me; and after some enquiries alike fruitless with the past, I was about to take my leave, when the clerk, in his removal of some papers, not to be trusted within reach of a stranger, dropped a letter from the bundle, on which was my name. From the variety of addresses it had evidently travelled far, and had been returned from half the post-offices of the Continent. It was two months' old, but its news was to me most interesting. It was from Mordecai; and after alluding to some pecuniary transactions with his foreign brethren, always the first topic, he hurried on in his usual abrupt strain:—"Mariamne has insisted on my leaving England for a while. This is perplexing; as the war must produce a new loan, and London is, after all, the only place where those affairs can be transacted without trouble. My child is well, and yet she looks pallid from time to time, and sheds tears when she thinks herself unobserved. All this may pass away, but it makes me un-

easy; and, as she has evidently made up her mind to travel, I have only to give way—for, with all her caprices, she is my child, my only child, and my beloved child!

"I have heard a good deal of your proceedings from my correspondent and kinsman in Paris. You have acquitted yourself well, and it shall not be unknown in the quarter where it may be of most service to you. I have been stopped by Mariamne's singing in the next room, and her voice has almost unmanned me; she is melancholy of late, and her only music now is taken from those ancestral hymns which our nation regard as the songs of the Captivity. Her tones at this moment are singularly touching, and I have been forced to lay down my pen, for she has melted me to tears. Yet her colour has not altogether faded lately, and I think sometimes that her eyes look brighter than ever! Heaven help me, if I should lose her. I should then be alone in the world.

"You may rely on my intelligence—a war is inevitable. You may also rely on my conjecture—that it will be the most desperate war which Europe has yet seen. One that will break up *foundations*, as well as break down superstructures; not a war of politics but of principles; not a war for conquest but for ruin. All the treasures of Europe will be bankrupt within a twelvemonth of its commencement; unless England shall become their banker. This will be the harvest of the men of money. It is unfortunate that your money is all lodged for your commission; otherwise, in the course of a few operations, you might make cent. per cent., which I propose to do. *Apropos* of commissions. I had nearly omitted, in my own family anxieties, to mention the object for which I began my letter. I have failed in arranging the affair of your commission! This was not for want of zeal. But the prospect of a war has deranged and inflamed every thing. The young nobility have actually besieged the Horse-guards. All the weight of the aristocracy has pressed upon the minister, and minor influence has been driven from the field. The spirit is too gallant a one to be blamed;—and yet—are there not a hundred other pursuits, in which an intelligent and active mind, like your own, might follow on the way to fortune! You have seen enough of campaigning to know, that it is not all a flourish of trumpets. Has the world but one gate, and that the Horse-guards? If my personal judgment were to be asked, I should feel no regret for a disappointment which may have come only to turn your knowledge and ability to purposes not less suitable to an ambitious spirit, nor less likely to produce a powerful impression on the world—the only thing, after all, worth living for! You may laugh at this language from a man of my country and my trade. But even I have my ambition; and you may yet discover it to be not less bold than if I carried the lamp of Gideon, or wielded the sword of the Maccabees.—I must stop again; my poor restless child is coming into the room at this moment, complaining of the chill, in one of the finest days of summer. She says that this villa has grown sunless, airless, and comfortless. Finding that I am writing to you, she sends her best wishes; and bids me ask, what is the fashionable colours for mantles in Paris, and also what is become of that 'wandering creature,' Lafontaine, if you should happen to recollect such a personage.

"P.S.—My daughter insists on our setting out from Brighton to-morrow, and crossing the Channel the day after. She has a whim for revisiting Switzerland; and in the mean time begs that if, during our absence, you should have a whim for sea air and solitude, you may make of the villa any use you please.—Yours sincerely, "J. V. MORDECAI."

After reading this strange and broken letter, I was almost glad that I had not seen Mariamne. Lafontaine was in her heart still, in spite of absence. At this I did not wonder, for the heart of woman, when once struck, is almost incapable of change; but the suspense was killing her; and I had no doubt that her loss would sink even her strong-headed parent to the grave. Yet, what tidings had I to give! Whether her young soldier was shot in the attempt to escape from St. Lazare, or thrown into some hideous dungeons, where so many thousands were dying in misery from day to day, was entirely beyond my power to tell. It was better that she should be roving over the bright hills, and breathing the fresh breezes of Switzerland, than listening to my hopeless conjectures at home; trying to reconcile herself to all the chances which passion is so painfully ingenious in creating, and dying, like a flower in all its beauty, on the spot where it had grown.

But the letter contained nothing of the *one* name, for which my first glance had looked over every line with breathless anxiety. There was not a syllable of Clotilde! The father's cares had absorbed all other thoughts; and the letter was to me a blank in that knowledge for which I panted, as the hart pants for the fountains. Still, I was not dead to the calls of friendship; and that night's mail carried a long epistle to Mordecai, detailing my escapes, and the services of his kindred in France; and for Mariamne's ear, all that I could conceive cheering in my hopes of that "wandering creature, Lafontaine."

But I was forced to think of sterner subjects. I had arrived in England at a time of the most extraordinary public excitement. Every man felt that some great trial of England and of Europe was at hand; but none could distinctly define either its nature or its cause. France, who had then begun to pour out her furious declamations against this country, was, of course, generally looked to as the quarter from which the storm was to come; but the higher minds evidently contemplated hazards nearer home. Affiliated societies, corresponding clubs, and all the revolutionary apparatus, from whose crush and clamour I had so lately emerged, met the ear and the eye on all occasions; and the fiery ferocity of French rebellion was nearly rivalled by the grave insolence of English "Rights of Man." But I am not about to write the history of a time of national fever. The republicanism which Cicero and Plutarch instil into us all at our schools had been extinguished in me by the squalid realities of France. I had seen the dissecting-room, and was cured of my love for the science. My spirit, too, required rest. I could have exclaimed with all the sincerity, and with all the weariness too, of the poet:—

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful, or successful war,
Might never reach me more!"

But, perhaps fortunately for my understanding, if not for my life, I was not suffered to take refuge in the wilderness. London was around me; rich and beggared, splendid and sullen, idle and busy London. I was floating on those waves of human being, in which the struggler must make for the shore, or sink. I was in the centre of that huge whispering gallery, where every sound of earth was echoed and re-echoed with new power; and where it was impossible to dream. My days were now spent in communication with the offices of government, and a large portion of my nights in carrying on those correspondences, which, though seldom known in the routine of Downing Street, form the essential part of its intercourse with the continental cabinets. But a period of sus-

pense still remained. Parliament had been already summoned for the 13th of December. Up to nearly the last moment, the cabinet had been kept in uncertainty as to the actual intents of France. There had been declamation in abundance in the French legislature and the journals; but with this unsubstantial evidence the cabinet could not meet the country. Couriers were sent in all directions; boats were stationed along the coast to bring the first intelligence of actual hostilities suddenly; every conceivable expedient was adopted; the day of opening the Session was within twenty-four hours. After lingering hour by hour, in expectancy of the arrival of despatches from our ambassador at the Hague, I offered to cross the sea in the first fishing-boat which I could find, and ascertain the facts. My offer was accepted; and in the twilight of a winter's morning, and in the midst of a snow-storm, I was making my shivering way homeward through the wretched lanes which, dark as pitch and narrow as footpaths, then led to the centre of the diplomatic world; when, in my haste, I had nearly overset a meagre figure, which was tottering towards the Foreign office. After a growl, in the most angry jargon, the man recognized me; he was the clerk whom I had seen at Mordecai's house. He had, but an hour before, received, by one of the private couriers of the firm, a letter, with orders to deliver it with all expedition. He put it into my hand; it was not from Mordecai, but from Elnathan, and was simply in these words:—"My kinsman and your friend has desired me to forward to you the first intelligence of hostilities. I send you a copy of the bulletin which will be issued at noon this day. It is yet unknown; but I have it from a source on which you may perfectly rely. Of this make what use you think advantageous. Your well-wisher."

With what pangs the great money-tracker must have consigned to my use a piece of intelligence which must have been a mine of wealth to any one who carried it first to the Stock Exchange, I could easily conjecture. But I saw in it the powerful pressure of Mordecai, which none of his tribe seemed even to have the means of resisting. My sensations were singular enough as I traced my way up the dark and lumbering staircase of the Foreign office; with the consciousness that, if I had chosen to turn my steps in another direction, I might before night be master of thousands, or of hundreds of thousands. But it is only due to the sense of honour which had been impressed on me, even in the riot and roughness of my Eton days, to say, that I did not hesitate for a moment. Sending one of the attendants to arouse the chief clerk, I stood waiting his arrival with the bulletin unopened in my hands. The official had gone to his house in the country, and might not return for some hours. My perplexity increased. Every moment might supersede the value of my priority. At length a twinkling light through the chinks of one of the dilapidated doors, told me that there was some one within, from whom I might, at least, ask when and how ministers were to be approached. The door was opened, and, to my surprise, I found that the occupant of the chamber was one of the most influential members of administration. My name and purpose were easily given; and I was received as I believe few are in the habit of being received by the disposers of high places. The fire had sunk to embers, the lamp was dull, and the hearer was half frozen and half asleep. Yet no sooner had he cast his eyes upon the mysterious paper which I gave into his grasp, than all his faculties were in full activity.

"This," said he, "is the most important paper that has reached this country since the taking of the Bastille. The Scheldt is opened! This involves an attack on Holland; the defence of our ally is a matter of treaty, and we must arm without delay. The war is begun, but where it shall end"—he paused, and fixing his eyes above, with a solemnity of expression which I had not expected in the stern and hard-lined countenance, "or who shall live to see its close—who shall tell?"

"We have been waiting," said he, "for this intelligence from week to week, with the fullest expectation that it would come; and yet, when it has come, it strikes like a thunderclap. This is the third night that I have sat in this hovel, at this table, unable to go to rest, and looking for the despatch from hour to hour.—You see, sir, that our life is at least not the bed of roses for which the world is so apt to give us credit. It is like the life of my own hills—the higher the sheeling stands, the more it gets of the blast."

I do not give the name of this remarkable man. He was a Scot, and possessed of all the best characteristics of his country. I had heard him in Parliament, where he was the most powerful second of the most powerful first that England had seen. But if all men were inferior to the prime minister in majesty and fulness of conception, the man to whom I now listened had no superior in readiness of retort, in aptness of illustration—that mixture of sport and satire, of easy jest and subtle sarcasm, which forms the happiest talent for the miscellaneous uses of debate. If Pitt moved forward like the armed man of chivalry, or rather like the main body of the battle—for never man was more entitled to the appellation of a "host in himself"—never were front, flanks, and rear of the host covered by a more rapid, quick-witted, and indefatigable auxiliary. He was a man of family, and brought with him into public life, not the manners of a menial of office, but the bearing of a gentleman. Birth and blood were in his bold and manly countenance; and I could have felt no difficulty in conceiving him, if his course had followed his nature, the chieftain on his hills, at the head of his gallant retainers, pursuing the wild sports of his romantic region; or in some foreign land, gathering the laurels which the Scotch soldier has so often and so proudly added to the honours of the empire.

He was perfectly familiar with the great question of the time, and saw the full bearings of my intelligence with admirable sagacity; pointed out the inevitable results of suffering France to take upon herself the arbitration of Europe, and gave new and powerful views of the higher relation in which England was to stand, as the general protectress of the Continent. "This bulletin," said he, "announces the fact, that a French squadron has actually sailed up the Scheldt to attack Antwerp. Yet it was not ten years since France protested against the same act by Austria, as a violation of the rights of Holland. The new aggression is, therefore, not simply a solitary violence, but a vast fraud; not merely the breach of an individual treaty, but a declaration that no treaty is henceforth to be held as binding; it is more than an act of rapine; it is an universal dissolution of the principles by which society is held together. In what times are we about to live?"

My reply was—"That it depended on the spirit of England herself, whether the conflict was to be followed by honour or by shame; that she had a glorious career before her, if she had magnanimity sufficient to take the part marked out for her by circumstances; and that, with the championship of the world in her hands, even defeat would be a triumph."

He now turned the conversation to myself; spoke with more than official civility of my services, and peculiarly of the immediate one; and asked in what branch of diplomacy I desired advancement?

My answer was prompt. "In none. I desired promotion but in one way—the army. I then briefly stated the accidental loss of my original appoint-

ment, and received, before I left the chamber, a note for the secretary at war, recommending me, in the strongest terms, for a commission in the Guards.—The world was now before me, and the world in the most vivid, various, and dazzling shape; in the boldest development of grandeur, terror, and wild vicissitude, which it exhibited for a thousand years—England was at war!

There is no sight on earth more singular, or more awful, than a great nation going to war. I saw the scene in its highest point of view, by seeing it in England. Its perfect freedom, its infinite, and often conflicting, variety of opinion—its passionate excitement, and its stupendous power, gave the summons to hostilities a character of interest, of grandeur, and of indefinite but vast purposes, unexampled in any other time, or in any other country. When one of the old monarchies commenced war, the operation, however large and formidable, was simple. A monarch resolved, a council sat, less to guide than to echo his resolution; an army marched, invaded the enemy's territory, fought a battle—perhaps a dubious one—rested on its arms; and while *Te Deum* was sung in both capitals alike for the "victory" of neither, the ministers of both were constructing an armistice, a negotiation, and a peace—each and all to be null and void on the first opportunity.

But the war of England was a war of the nation—a war of wrath and indignation—a war of the dangers of civilized society entrusted to a single championship—a great effort of human nature to discharge, in the shape of blood, a disease which was sapping the vitals of Europe; or in a still higher, and therefore a more faithful view, the gathering of a tempest, which, after sweeping France in its fury, was to restore the exhausted soil and blasted vegetation of monarchy throughout the Continent; and in whose highest, England, serene and undismayed, was to

"Ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm."

I must acknowledge, that I looked upon the coming conflict with a strange sense of mingled alarm and rejoicing. For the latter feeling, perhaps I ought to make some apology; but I was young, ardent, and ambitious. My place in life was unfixed; standing in that unhappy middle position, in which stands a man of birth too high to suffer his adoption of the humbler means of existence, and yet of resources too inadequate to sustain him without action—nay, bold and indefatigable exertion. I, at the moment, felt a very inferior degree of compunction at the crisis which offered to give me at least a chance of being seen, known, and understood among men. I felt like a man whose ship was stranded, and saw the storm lifting the surges that were to lift him along with them; or like the traveller in an earthquake, who saw the cleft in the ground swallowing up the river which had hitherto presented an impassable obstacle—cities and mountains might sink before the concussion had done its irresistible will, but, at all events, it had cleared his way.

In thoughts like these, rash and unconnected as they were, I spent many a restless day, and still more restless night. I often sprang from a pillow which, if I had lived in the days of witchcraft, I should have thought spelled to refuse me sleep; and walking for hours, endeavoured to reduce into shape the speculations which filled my mind with splendours and catastrophes worthy of oriental dreams. Why did I not then pursue the career in which I had begun the world? Why not devote myself to diplomacy, in which I had hitherto received honour? Why not enter into Parliament, which opened all the secrets of power? For this I had two reasons. The first—and, let me confess, the most imperious—was, that my pride had been deeply hurt by the loss of my commission. I felt that I had not only been deprived of a noble profession, accidental as was the loss; but that I had subjected myself to the trivial, but stinging remarks, which never fail to find an obnoxious cause for every failure. While this cloud hung over me, I was determined never to return to my father's house. Good-natured as the friends of my family might be, I was fully aware of the style in which misfortune is treated in the idleness of country life; and the Honourable Mr. Marston's loss of his rank in his Majesty's guards, or his preference of a more pacific promotion, was too tempting a topic to lose any of its stimulants by the popular ignorance of the true transaction. My next reason was, that my mind was harassed and wearied by disappointment, until I should not have regretted to terminate the struggle in the first field of battle. The only woman I loved, and whom, in the strange frenzy of passion, I solemnly believed to be the only woman on earth deserving to be so loved, had wholly disappeared, and was, by this time, probably wedded. The only woman whom I regarded as a friend, was in another country, probably dying. If I could have returned to Mortimer Castle—which I had already determined to be impossible—I should have found only a callous, perhaps a contemptuous, head of the family, angry at my return to burden him. Even Vincent—my old and kind-hearted friend Vincent—had been a soldier; and though I was sure of never receiving a reproach from his wise and gentle lips, was I equally sure that I could escape the flash, or the sorrow, of his eye?

In thoughts like these, and they were dangerous ones, I made many a solitary rush out into the wild winds and beating snows of the winter, which had set in early and been remarkably severe; walking bareheaded in the most lonely places of the suburbs, stripping my bosom to the blast, and longing for its tenfold chill to assuage the fever which burned within me. I had also found the old delay at the Horse-guards. The feelings of this period make me look with infinite compassion on the unhappy beings who take their lives into their own hands, and who extinguish all their earthly anxieties at a plunge. But I had imbibed principles of a firmer substance, and but upon one occasion, and one alone, felt tempted to an act of despair.

Taking my lonely dinner in a tavern of the suburbs, the waiter handed me a newspaper, which he had rescued for my behoof from the hands of a group, eager, as all the world then was, for French intelligence. My eye rambled into the fashionable column; and the first paragraph, headed "Marriage in high life," announced that, on the morrow, were to be solemnized the nuptials of Clotilde, Countess de Tourville, with the Marquis de Montrecoeur, colonel of the French Mousquetaires, &c. The paper dropped from my hands. I rushed out of the house; and, scarcely knowing where I went, I hurried on, until I found myself out of the sight or sound of mortal. The night was pitch-dark; there was no lamp near; the wind roared; and it was only by the flash of the foam that I discovered the broad sheet of water before me. I had strayed into Hyde Park, and was on the bank of the Serpentine. With what ease might I not finish all! It was another step. Life was a burden—thought was a torment—the light of day a loathing. But the paroxysm soon gave way. Impressions of the duty and the trials of human nature, made in earlier years, revived within me with a singular freshness and force. Tears gushed from my eyes, fast and flowing; and, with a long-forgotten prayer for patience and humility, I turned from the place of temptation. As I reached the streets once more, I heard the trumpets of the Life Guards, and the band of a battalion returning to their quarters. The infantry were the Coldstream. They had been lining the streets for the king's procession to open the sitting of Parliament. This was the 13th of December—the memorable day to which every heart in

Europe was more or less vibrating; yet which I had totally forgotten. What is man but an electrical machine after all! The sound and sight of soldier-ship restored me to the full vividness of my nature. The machine required only to be touched, to shoot out its latent sparks; and with a new spirit and a new determination kindling through every fibre, I hastened to be present at that debate which was to be the judgment of nations.

My official intercourse with ministers had given me some privileges, and I obtained a seat under the gallery—that part of the House of Commons which is occasionally allotted to strangers of a certain rank. The House was crowded, and every countenance was pictured with interest and solemn anxiety. Grey, Sheridan, and other distinguished names of party, had already taken their seats; but the great heads of Government and Opposition were still absent. At length a buzz among the crowd who filled the floor,—and the name of Fox repeated in every tone of congratulation, announced the pre-eminent orator of England. I now saw Fox for the first time; and I was instantly struck with the incomparable similitude of all that I saw of him to all that I had conceived from his style. In the broad bold forehead, the strong sense—in the relaxed mouth, the self-indulgent and reckless enjoyment—in the quick, small eye under those magnificent black brows, the man of sagacity, of sarcasm, and of humour; and in the grand contour of a countenance and head, which might have been sculptured to take its place among the sages and sovereigns of antiquity, the living proof of those extraordinary powers, which could have been checked in their ascent to the highest elevation of public life, only by prejudices and passions not less extraordinary. As he advanced up the House, he recognized every one on both sides, and spoke or smiled to nearly all. He stopped once or twice in his way, and was surrounded by a circle with whom, as I could judge from their laughter, he exchanged some pleasant-ry of the hour. When at length he arrived at the seat which had been reserved for him, he threw himself upon it with the easy look of comfort of a man who had reached home—gave a nod to Windham, held out a finger to Grey, warmly shook hands with Sheridan; and then, opening his well-known blue and buff costume, threw himself back into the bench, and laughingly gasped for air.

But another movement of the crowd at the bar announced another arrival, and Pitt entered the House. His look and movement were equally characteristic with those of his great rival. He looked to neither the right nor the left; replied to the salutations of his friends by the slightest possible bow; neither spoke nor smiled; but, slowly advancing, took his seat in total silence. The Speaker, hitherto occupied with some routine business, now read the King's speech, and, calling on "Mr. Pitt," the minister rose. I have for that rising but one description—the one which filled my memory at the moment, from the noblest poet of the world.

"Deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat, and public care.
Sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies.
His look
Drew audience and attention, still as night,
Or summer's noontide air."

SAINT PETERSBURG.

From "Personal Adventures and Excursions in Georgia, Circassia, and Russia."

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL G. FOULETT CAMERON, C. B., K. T. S., &c.,—[Continued.]

I shall now proceed to offer a few remarks upon a subject, the which has caused more discussion, and a greater variety of opinion, even among professional men themselves, than any connected with Russia that has ever yet been brought forward,—I allude to the Muscovite Navy, regarding which I may mention that none of the very slight remarks I am about to offer are hazarded without the impressions they convey having met with the concurrence of several naval officers, chiefly foreign, but including one or two English, whose opportunities of forming a true estimate of the Russian maritime power have been such as others have seldom, if ever, possessed.

Till the accession of the present Sovereign, the Muscovite marine may be said to have barely existed; so neglected and decayed had it become since the eventful day of Trafalgar, where the fleets of France, in that last deadly struggle with her rival, were swept beyond the power of further competition with her victorious adversary on the surface of the ocean.

Never at any period a favourite service with the Russians themselves, the Emperor Alexander, from that time relieved from all fear of maritime aggression on the part of Napoleon, turned the whole of his attention towards his land forces alone, as the arm by which the fate of Continental Europe must be decided.

On the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris, and the return of the Autocrat to his own dominions, the same system of neglect towards the navy was observed, and on his death, at Taganrog, in 1826, the whole of the Imperial marine, with the exception of three or four frigates in the Mediterranean, was confined to a number of old worn-out vessels, one-third of which was barely accounted sea-worthy.

To the present Emperor, solely belongs the reputation of having created this power by his own energy and exertions; and to his activity and vigilant watchfulness alone is owing whatever degree of efficiency it may have attained, as, sooth to say, with some few solitary exceptions, chiefly foreigners, the service even now is by no means a popular or agreeable one, either with officers or men.

As regards numerical strength, the Russian navy may, indeed, be termed formidable, the combined fleets of the Baltic and the Euxine mustering fifty-five line-of-battle ships and thirty heavy frigates, from forty-four to sixty guns, besides a large number of corvettes, and small craft of every description, the various estimates for which exhibit a total of ready-trained seamen amounting to rather more than 50,000 men. But then, as regards their nautical skill and discipline?—that oft-repeated and obstinately-disputed question.

In the course of two-and-twenty years' service I have seen a great deal of our own men-of-war, both in my earlier days, but more particularly within the last eight or ten years. Since the period of my being first employed on a special service I have also had many opportunities of observing the French, and, if I was struck with the difference between the bold, free, and careless bearing of our own jolly tars, and the semi-military appearance of the Gallic seamen, it may easily be imagined with what astonishment and incredulity I regarded the first detachment of Russian sailors I fell in with, who, with their erect starched exterior, the very ultraism of stiff military bearing, their beautifully-cleaned belts and appointments, jackets, and foraging-caps, seemed the very beau-ideal of some crack regiment in the capital.

But take a glance at the training of the seaman, and let it speak for itself.

The army officers assert, I know not with what justice, that of the entire body of recruits the worst are sent to the navy. On joining the head-quarters of the corps to which he is appointed, (for all agreeable to military detail are regimented according to rule,) the conscript is duly cropped, drilled, and pommelled à l'ordinaire, and at the expiration of the usual period, having completed his usual routine of instruction as a soldier, is sent on board a line-of-battle ship, and never, perhaps, having previously seen a fish-pond in the whole course of his life, is entered at once upon the duties usually awarded to an expert and skilful seaman, to the exercise of which four months alone in the year are allowed, the remaining eight being devoted to military drill and parade in barracks.

Can a system like this be reasonably expected to prove effective! Suppose, for example, a British regiment, on a similar principle, was shipped on board one of our own men-of-war; admitting the justice of the conclusion that, *provided the weather was calm, (!)* they could handle the ropes and tackles, man the guns, &c., &c., if it did come on to blow? oh! ye unfeeling rascals, ye sons of the ocean, say how often have you held your sides, half splitting with uproarious laughter, at the miseries endured by your helpless red-coated confreres, embarked in the same vessel with yourselves.

If this is the case with the English soldiery, whose food, or climate, or some other reason, is generally supposed to habituate the natives of the British Isles very quickly to a life or passage at sea, what must its effects be on the inhabitants of the continental nations, whose diet and habits are so totally dissimilar that a long course of training is requisite to render them capable of even the most ordinary exertion on an element to which they have been so wholly unaccustomed.

I must not however, omit to mention that such is the docility and amenity to discipline of the Russian seaman, that considering the disadvantages under which he labours, it is perfectly incredible the proficiency he attains, (especially in the mild climate of the Mediterranean, where, too, he is continually at sea,) which has repeatedly elicited the admiration of the officers of our own fleet there.

In the Baltic I am inclined to believe the very reverse is the case; at least, the year I was there a line-of-battle ship and heavy frigate both ran aground, (a circumstance, I was informed, by no means unusual during the short yearly cruise of the fleet,) in a gale of wind, if it could be so termed, that would not have altered the course of a Channel pilot-boat, while a magnificent steamer, with a picked crew of officers and men, having the Empress and Grand Duchesses on board, ran some risk of sharing a similar fate; an incident which so provoked General Wilson (a Birmingham gentleman, held in universal esteem,) the director of the Imperial manufactories, that he very roundly declared to her Commander he knew no more of a steamer than a hog!

And yet there is a college of Naval Cadets at St. Petersburg, the which (were the military flummery omitted) is well arranged for the training and education of excellent officers, and in which the Emperor himself takes the highest degree of interest. It is under the control and management of the good and venerable Admiral Krusenstern, who for many years served in the British Navy, and than whom for such a service a fitter selection could never have been made; at the head of, or inspecting and reviewing his youthful corps, the spectator calls to mind the representation of the Patriarchs of old, presiding over their numerous descendants. In a large and lofty apartment of the institution is the model of a frigate, about fifty feet long, by means of which the students are carefully instructed regarding the handling of the various ropes and tackles, reefing and furling sails, &c., &c.; while every year the body are shipped in a frigate, for a cruise during the summer in the Baltic.

Regarding their vessels, the Russian men-of-war, though heavy in make, and possessing a very irregular appearance from the variety visible in their build, in guns, stores, and rigging, and in their interior arrangement altogether, are well found and in good order, while, in point of cleanliness, even the ships of the British Navy cannot be deemed superior. One fatality, by all accounts, seems to attend them, which must render the Russian marine a continued drain upon the Imperial treasury, and this is, that whether owing to the wood of which the vessels are constructed not being properly dried or seasoned, or, as some assert, the *freshness* of the water in the harbours of Cronstadt, they so quickly become unserviceable from rot, that by the time the short space of fifteen years has expired they are utterly useless, and are compelled to be broken up.

A few days after my return to the capital, down came the winter in good earnest; in one night the Neva was frozen over, and four-and-twenty hours afterwards crossed in a variety of thoroughfares to the opposite side of the city.

Sledges and ice-hills now quickly came into play. The latter is a species of winter amusement very much in vogue among all ranks, sizes, ages, and sexes in the Northern metropolis, and is similar to what many of my readers are, in all probability, familiar with, as prevailing several years ago in Paris, under the denomination of "Les Montagnes Russes;" that, however, was far less frolicsome and exciting than the present, of which the following is a slight description.

A rough scaffolding being erected on the ice, with a slope sufficiently steep, is covered over with snow, down which are thrown several buckets of water, which being perfectly frozen within a few hours afterwards, a small light sledge sufficiently large to hold one, or sometimes two persons, is dragged to the summit, when, upon being seated, a slight kick sends the vehicle flying with a velocity absolutely petrifying to the charioteer, who, half blinded with the rapidity with which he shoots along, on reaching the bottom of the declivity begins to entertain some idea he is never going to stop, at least such was my own impression, and led me to believe for the moment I was about making an involuntary second visit to Cronstadt. Gradually, however, the sledge decreased its swiftness of motion, and then came to a halt. On the progress of the conveyance being arrested, its occupant jumps up, (pretty sharply, too, if he would not incur the risk of being charged in the rear by the next comer, who may, perchance, have been despatched on his excursion with a stronger impetus than himself,) and seizing the rope attached to it, drags the sledge back to its

* Towards the close of the year 1832 I was embarked with a French regiment in a large steamer, the voyage of which it was anticipated would not exceed three days. On the second day of our leaving port we encountered a furious gale from the S. W., and, after several ineffectual efforts to make head against it, we were compelled to put back. The soldiery were chiefly men of the late Royal Guard of Charles X., men of uncommon size and vigour; but so utterly paralyzed were the whole by sea-sickness, that the Surgeon of the vessel afterwards declared, if we had remained at sea, and the gale continued, he was firmly convinced that at least twenty of the men would have sunk under it.

† I have heard, since my departure from St. Petersburg, that this subject having at last attracted the attention of the Imperial Government, orders have been issued to the various dockyards, requiring the wood used in future to be perfectly seasoned previous to being employed.

starting point: it being considered as unsportsmanlike and derogatory to discharge this somewhat porterlike office by deputy.

It certainly is an inspiring invigorating exercise, and on the occasion of any grand fete, when the Neva is filled with groups of every description, from the Imperial family to the peasant, the picture it presents is equally as agreeable.

At length the grand day of the presentation arrived, and a very important one it was too, judging by the rolling of drums and the clash of arms, as the various guards paid their devoirs to Princes, Generals, and Ministers in quick succession, as they rolled onward in their gorgeous state equipages to the Palace of the Hermitage, where, since the destruction of the magnificent and unrivalled Winter Palace by fire, in 1837, the Court has usually been held.

Lord Clanricarde proceeded at an early hour, and on our arrival the party was conducted to the saloon of private *entree*, passing through that of the general *assemblee*, now filled with a brilliant and dazzling display of uniforms, and every variety of magnificent costume.

The apartment into which we were ushered is one possessive of a singular, I might almost say a painful degree of interest. When the Allies first occupied Paris, in 1814, and the Emperor Alexander had made his appearance in that capital, the admired of all observers, and surrounded by all the lavish adulation paid to a powerful and successful monarch, in that hour of triumph, in that period of glorious intoxication, a whispered murmur reached him that one the beautiful, the elegant, the humane, and the beneficent, whose influence over her stern husband was never exerted for aught but good,—the bright star of his destiny, with whom began his career of successful glory, and estranged from whom commenced his even yet more rapid fall,—was dying neglected and deserted, (all having, in the terror of the moment, forsaken her, with the exception of two or three old domestics,) in the Palace of Malmaison!

In that instant, triumph, war, ambition, all was forgotten, and throwing himself into a carriage, accompanied by his confidential physician, Sir James Wyllie, he drove with the speed of lightning to the chateau; on arriving at which, and demanding entrance, he was ushered into a beautiful and exquisitely-furnished apartment, reclining upon a couch in which lay the faded, yet still lovely, Empress Josephine!

A glance at once satisfied Sir James that all assistance was hopeless, (indeed she only survived till the next morning,) but the attentive and considerate kindness displayed by the amiable-minded Autocrat in the course of his visit, so completely soothed the mind of the dying Empress, that, as a slight testimony of her regard, she begged his acceptance of all that the room (her own favourite boudoir) contained.

After her decease these effects were carefully removed to St. Petersburg, and in the saloon where we were now assembled the whole were arranged exactly as at Malmaison. The paintings were most beautiful, and never, even in Italy, do I remember to have witnessed a collection of such choice and perfect gems of art.

I was still gazing upon a small but exquisitely-finished Madonna, a masterpiece from the hand of Guido, (and whose Madonnas are like his!) when a stir without announced the approach of the Imperial party, and almost the same moment the folding-doors at the extremity of the apartment were thrown open, and preceded respectively by a perfect squadron of chamberlains and demoiselles d'honneur, the former blazing with gold and embroidery, and the latter wearing the rich and singularly-pleasing Russian national costume, the Emperor and Empress entered.

Each passing round the circle formed to receive them, entered into familiar conversation with every new arrival as he was presented by his respective Ambassador. I was the only military stranger, and on my name being announced by Lord Clanricarde, was minutely questioned by His Imperial Majesty on a variety of points connected with the discipline and interior economy of the British and Indian Armies, in a manner which showed him well acquainted with both.

The Empress, mild, benignant, dignified, as the softened tones of her voice fell upon the stranger's ear, he could no longer wonder at the veneration her character and presence everywhere inspired, and which volumes could not tell so fully as the artless simple description of a beautiful English girl, who constantly in the society of the Imperial family during their stay at St. Petersburg, exclaimed, "She was the most lovable being in the world."

On the breaking up of the Court I was overwhelmed with congratulations, and the highest degree of cordiality, by several persons whom till then I had never previously beheld, but who now reminded me of my having brought letters to them from their various relatives in Moscow, and other parts of the Empire!—Whew—

"'Tis strange what a wonderful deal of éclat
Is caused by the smile of the great Autocrat."

Of course, however, I did not fail to make suitable acknowledgements, and was leaving the room, when a stout good-humoured looking gentleman accosted me with—

"His Imperial Majesty, Sir, has commanded me to invite you to the ball this evening, for which a card will be immediately despatched to your hotel. Ahem! (and he glanced at my boots and pantaloons,) you are of course, provided with the requisite costume?"

I was well aware to what costume he alluded, having been previously informed it was the etiquette of the Russian Court for all ranks and persons, with the exception of lancers, hussars, and Cossacks, to appear in that most uncomfortable of all branches of unmentionable wearing apparel, familiarly denominated "cut-shorts!"

In answer, I begged to represent to the Great Chamberlain, (for it was no less a person who addressed me,) my extreme regret that wearing the appendages in question, however consonant to the forms and customs of the Russian Court, was strictly prohibited by the *code militaire* of the British Army.

"Oh! Sir," replied my stout friend, "in that case it is unnecessary, as no infringement upon military rule is ever desired here."

On returning to my quarters I found my writing-table literally covered with invitations for balls, fetes, and dinners innumerable, and Mrs. W— herself, *in propria persona*, superintending some alterations she had directed to be made in the sitting-room.

"Bless me, Sir," was her opening salutation, "the servants say that all the great men of the place have been inquiring after you. I don't know much about that myself, but certainly two or three of them are the ugliest people I ever saw in my life!"

I could not refrain from smiling at my respected friend's *extempore* essay upon the relative merits of personal attraction, but hinted, as the opinion in question, however true in the abstract, was not very generally conceived to be the most agreeable to the parties concerned, a little less candour, however reprehensible in some matters, would be highly advisable in this.

I dined in the evening with the family of my friend, Mr. L—, they having kindly volunteered to take me to the ball with them, and to which we drove at a somewhat early period.

It was now, indeed, that I had a full opportunity of observing the splendour of the Russian Court. In the morning, with the exception of our hurried passage through the grand reception-room, no opportunity for observation had occurred, excepting in the saloon of private *entree*; now, however, the blaze of magnificence which burst upon the view was utterly beyond description, and rendered all that I had previously witnessed in the other Courts of Europe a mere bagatelle in comparison: but if the rich paintings, the exquisite statuary, the innumerable works of the choicest vertu, in which the rarest malachite seemed as general as the most ordinary material in other lands, the costliest mirrors, columns, and ceilings, brilliant with all that taste could execute and wealth could command, if this united display, mingled with the gorgeous habits *de la cour*, superb uniforms, and various striking costumes, formed a picture dazzling and wonderful to the eye of a stranger, there was another circumstance still more striking, especially to an Englishman, remembering the ultra stiff formality of his own Court, and that the one in which he stood was representative of the most absolute government in the world,—and this was the urbanity, kindness, and condescension of the Emperor, Empress, and the whole of the Imperial family, who, full of life and joyous spirit, with a smile, congratulation, and kindly welcome for every one, rendered the scene replete with gaiety and pleasure, and, in lieu of the rigid, I may almost say morose degree of etiquette I had been led to expect, never do I remember to have witnessed, even in private life, a more perfect picture of freedom and amusement.

By the by, I may mention the evening enlightened me as to the cause of His Imperial Majesty's universal popularity with his lady subjects, (that is, the younger part of them,) since there he was, laughing, chatting, and doing the agreeable, beyond all competition, which, coming from a splendid figure, six feet two or three in height, decidedly the handsomest and most soldierlike-looking fellow in Europe, and Emperor of the Russias to boot, the effect may easily be conceived: indeed, to do him justice, a better judge of, and sharper eye for, a pretty face I never remember to have met with; and of the estimation in which he was held by the possessors of this very attractive and most essential feminine requisite, I was myself an example, from casually reverting to him with my fair partner, in the course of a waltz, by the familiar term of "My friend Nick," an abbreviation of orthography, and His Imperial Majesty's cognomen at the same time, which elicited considerable indignation from "La belle Russe," but the which was most effectually removed when I mentioned that the observation in question, so far from being intended as offensive towards the Emperor, was expressive much more of hearty good-will and cordial feelings, we English being, as the world very well knew, such odd creatures, that rarely, if ever, was a favourite British sovereign, statesman, or commander, left without a peculiar soubriquet of some sort or other, the which, indeed, was a sure sign of the estimation in which he was held.

A slight incident at the conclusion of the waltz was the cause of much mirth in the immediate neighbourhood of where I stood.

"I say, my fine fellow," said a voice close to my elbow, and which came from as choice a specimen of a Muscovite giant as the eye would wish to rest upon, Colonel D—, of the Dragoons of the Guard, "I say, you seem very comfortable in your costume, there; I wonder you were permitted to pass." And the gallant Commander, throwing a glance upon his own huge supporters, encased in cut-shorts, according to rule,—an attire, I subsequently ascertained he regarded with the utmost degree of aversion,—next cast his eyes with an envious gaze upon my own Netherlands attire. "Acting," he continued, "I suppose, upon the English principle of—Oh! oh! oh!"

This interjectional interruption proceeded from a practical illustration of the evils sometimes attending his own dress paraphernalia, and was caused by a sudden and untoward incident, occasioned by a young Cossack officer, evidently newly caught in the Ukraine, and imported to the capital, who, whirling past in the waltz, brought the edge of his spur to bear pretty sharply upon the undefended extremities of the dragoon, who forthwith executed a variety of pirouettes and demivoltes, wholly independent of the music, absolutely astounding in a person of his colossal make and proportions.

"You may as well laugh outright," he said savagely, "as stand there, with that hypocritical face of yours."

This observation, addressed to myself as the remote cause of his disaster, while struggling to maintain the requisite external degree of sympathizing concern, good breeding and humanity on such an occasion required, proved rather too much, not merely for my own gravity to sustain, but that of those around, a general peal of laughter following this wrathful ebullition of the discomfited dragoon, in which, a minute afterwards he good-naturedly joined.—(To be Concluded.)

THE UNITED SERVICES.

THE COCKPIT DUEL.

One evening, shortly after the death of Capt. Stackpole of the Statira frigate, who fell in a duel with Lieut. Cecil of the Argo, at Jamaica, the affair was brought forward as a subject for discussion, on the fore-castle of a fine eight-and-thirty in which I was serving, and remarks were made that did great credit to the hearts of the honest fellows who felt keenly the loss of a brave man through a delicate point of false honour, and which might have been easily arranged to the satisfaction of all parties had any judicious person been at hand.

The facts were briefly these; two officers of the Statira informed Captain Stackpole, that Mr. Cecil "had declared in their presence, that he (Capt. S.) never spoke the truth." Four years elapsed from the alleged utterance of these words, and the meeting of the Captain and Lieutenant at Jamaica. The former sent his First Lieutenant with a message, demanding to know whether Cecil "had used such language, and if he had, it was impossible for both of them to exist in the same world together, for he should require satisfaction."

Now what could a man, situated as Lieutenant Cecil was, do under such circumstances? The question was accompanied with threats that in the first instance should have been spared; besides coming from the quarter that it did, more might be implied than met the ear, for Capt. Stackpole was known to be a "dead shot," and, therefore, the avoiding of a meeting might be construed into cowardice. Cecil persisted that, "as far as he could recollect, he had never said anything of the kind; but as he might have made use of the words, he would not deny them."

Captain Stackpole required a positive denial in writing, or to meet him the next morning with pistols, and the second having thus far delivered himself of

his errand, asked Mr. Cecil "if there was anything he could say to the Captain, which might induce the latter to accept an apology."

To this Cecil replied, that "the message he had first received put it entirely out of his power to apologize—he much regretted that it had not been required at the outset, but now his only alternative was to give Capt S. the meeting he demanded."

Thus terminated preliminaries, and Cecil, being well acquainted with the Captain's skill as a marksman, prepared himself, as a brave man ought to do, to meet the death which appeared to be inevitable. He had scarcely ever fired a pistol in his life, and consequently, had never practised as his antagonist had done, for I have heard it said, that the latter could throw a half crown in the air and hit it as it was falling—so much for equality.

About five o'clock (soon after daylight) on the succeeding morning the hostile parties met—took their ground at ten paces, and fired as nearly as possible at the same moment—Cecil who had bade adieu to the world stood erect uninjured—Stackpole was a corpse upon the ground—he expired without uttering a word, or even a groan—the ball of his adversary had entered his right arm a little above the wrist, glanced off through his side, fracturing a rib, passed into the lungs, and life was almost instantly extinct.

"I never liked your 'long shore duels,'" said the Captain of the Forecastle, after the foregoing particulars had been related; "there's never nothing like fair play in 'em as there is in being nailed down by the slack of your trowsers abaft, athwart a sea-chest, or the heel of a spare top-mast."

"Right, Jem," assented an old Quarter-master; "besides pistol balls were moulded for the enemy, and not for countryman to let fly at countryman."

"Talking about duels," said the Boatswain's mate, "puts me in mind of one as happened among the midshipmen of a line-of-battle ship I belonged to, and if you like messmates, I'll just overhaul it to you."

A ready assent was yielded to this proposal, and Tom Whistler, after a short preface, related the following particulars, which I shall give in his own particular idiom.

"They were rather a skylarking, randomish, set of blades, were the midshipmen in that ship, as messmates, you know most young gentlemen are—and as full of tricks as Saint Jago's is of monkeys. We were fitting out in port, and had just got the rigging over the lower-mastheads, and there was only two of the Lieutenants had joined, so in course there was plenty for 'em to do 'pon deck without troubling themselves with looking out after the youngsters below, though they kept them pretty taut at boat and dock-yard duty too. Well, one day it was raining heavy, and the hands were principally working under cover on the main-deck, and I was down in the after-cock-pit getting the tiers cleared out for the cables as were expected to come alongside. The young gentlemen were all on 'em on the mischievous lay, skulking about and tormenting each other, and one of 'em hauls up close to me and says,—

"Tom, we're going to have a bit of fun with Mr. Moodie," says he, "for he's only a know-nothing, and is always boasting of his grandfather, Lord somebody or other, and his uncle the Baronet, and his uncle the Bishop."

"And why not, Mr. Quinton?" says I, as I went on with my work, "if so be as he's got rich and titled relatives, there's never no harm in being proud of 'em as long as they deserve it, and I hopes they will be able by-and-by to think as much of him."

"Oh, but it isn't altogether that, Tom!" says the young officer, "but he is so proud himself though he is as poor as a rat in a miser's kitchen."

"As to his being poor," says I, "that's no fault of his, Mr. Quinton, and I don't never like to see any one onbraided or punished for his misfortunes."

"But then," says the youngster, "he sails so large in his talk about his courage, and what he'd do if anybody was to insult him, so that they are going to put his bravery to the proof. Hark, Tom, don't you hear them?"

"Why yes, it's plain enough to hear 'em, Mr. Quinton," says I, "but I'm thinking it's hardly fair for all hands to be badger-baiting a young officer as has just joined, and never was at sea afore;" for d'ye see, messmates, it was always a constant practice, when any midshipman came aboard as was a greenhorn, and had never dipped his hands in salt water, to play him all manner of tricks, and they were like young devils as to which could torment him most. Now, Mr. Moodie was a youth of good connections, and hailed his relations with long handles to their names; but his own father was a poor man with a large family, his mother having displeased her parents by making a love-match—and I say, messmates, what's the use of getting spliced unless love twists the strands? To be sure a cargo of shiners goes a great way in the regard of hoisting aboard the pleasures of life, such as grog and 'bacca and what not, but money can't clap a purchase on the heart to bowse out its dear affections, as most on you knows. So Mr. Moodie's mother took to loving one of your 'long-shore craft as they calls a poet, and wrote books, and her friends tried to make 'em part company—not because he had an ugly figure-head, or was out of trim in his bearings, for he was a fine handsome fellow, and talked all sorts of verses like an angel—nor could they log anything down again him in regard of his character, for he was as steady and well-behaved as a first-rate Bishop; but then, d'ye see, messmates, he was poor. Howsomever, all her family could do, they couldn't put her out of conceit of him, and so they got clandestinely married, which, as soon as it was found out, got her discharged from the family muster-book, and she was cast adrift to seek her fortune. Still she was happy with her husband, and he was happy with her; so that they were both happy together, and cared nothing for the breezes of the world, blow high, blow low. He served out his verses and his poems—nothing equal to Dibdin's though—and she played 'em off on the penny-forty—a rum name for music, messmates—and so they lived like a couple of turtle-doves. But by-and-by there was a youngster launched into life, and in due course of time another, and so they went on, whilst, as ill luck would have it, an opposition poet starts up, and the world, as it always does, throwing overboard all thoughts of past services, runs down Mr. Moodie, and hoists the t'other over his head. Well, the long and the short of it is, messmates, that as the book-binding consarn failed, they slipped their moorings, and dropped down the stream of poverty, for none of the nobles would lend 'em so much as a kedge anchor to bring up and howl on by; and what was the use of a long range of titles to cling to as slipped through their fingers like the buttered tail of a pig, or a topsel-tye well greased? Mr. Mooie tried to get an appointment abroad, and mayhap might have done so, if so be he could have waited long enough; but somehow or another there was so many to serve, that he always got disappointed; and at last, finding he had but small hopes to ride out the gale of adversity, with nothing but promises for ground tackle, he bears up and turns schoolmaster in a small way, serving out a due allowance of poetry and birch-rod alternately. But the husband and the wife always rowed in the same boat, there was no wrangling nor grumbling; they never ceased to love each other, and they doated on their eldest boy, who,

as I towld you afore, had got the rating of Midshipman in the line-of-battle ship, through the kindness of an old friend who had just come home from Ingee. I learned all this arterwards, messmates, but I thought it would be just as well to over-haul the matter here. Well, then, he was down in the cockpit, and about as bappy as an onfortunate swab in the darbies looking forward to three dozen at the gangway.

To be sure, the youngster, finding himself in uniform, went off with flowing sheets in his talk about his great relatives who had never done nothing to save his parents from being wrecked, if so be as they'd been driven on the rocks, nor yet gave him a helping hand in regard of his outfit. But when youngsters get palavering together, they're just as giddy as so many geese; for, d'ye mind, they haven't the experience to lay up the strands of an argyment into a good head-fast, or to coil away their ideas, so that when they wants to overhaul a range the fakes may run clear without catching. And so it was with young Mr. Moodie, and whilst the others encouraged him on, he couldn't see as they were slicing his craft amongst the shoals and quicksands of ridicule on purpose to bump him ashore, and make game of him.

One of the young gentlemen was called Mr. Larkins, and I'm blessed but the name he hailed by tallied exactly with the cast of his figure-head and the trim of his craft, for he was eternally larking about somut or other, and his very face displayed a mixture of fun and mischief that set everybody laughing. But there was always a rogue's-yarn of ill nature and spite laid up with the strands of his merriment, and he never cared what pain he gave to others so as he could enjoy pleasure himself; even the man that he'd make free with as hail-fellow well met one half hour he'd report and get punished the next half hour, mayhap, for the very fault as he'd led him to commit—nobody liked him, and yet every body laughed at his humour. Well, this Mr. Larkins took to tormenting young Moodie soon after he was entered on the books and had joined the mess, and now, at the time of my speaking, had got him into a sort of raffle by first of all working upon his pride, and then taunting him in regard of his poverty; and the rest of the young scamps readily joined in the sport, because just then they had nothing else to do—not as ever they were backward in all sorts of devilry; but there being no particular duty carrying on either ashore or afloat, it came more nat'ral to 'em to pipe to mischief.

"Well, we've diskivered it all," says young Larkins to Moodie, as they came out of the berth, "we've found you out at last; and so you're a gentleman in disguise, come to sea to wear your old clothes out—eh? I thought it was that from the first."

"You may think whatsoever you please," says Moodie, whose blood was up. "Let me be what I will, I trust I shall never disgrace myself or my family by becoming Merry Andrew to a midshipman's mess."

"Do you mean that to be personal?" says Larkins, assuming anger, and really vexed at this hard hit, which told all the better in regard of its being the truth. "S'death, sir, you had better mind what you are about. But conceit and ragged shirts always stick to the same back."

"As to being personal," says Moodie, "if the capfits your head, I beg you'd wear it. For the second I am minding—carefully minding what I am about. The last is more applicable to yourself than to any one I know."

"To me, sir—applicable to me?" says Larkins, "I as can show an inventory of four dozen white-frilled shirts?"

"But you haven't got 'em in your chest, Larkins," sings out a youngster; "you have only eight to my certain knowledge, though you have clapped a figure of four in the marking ahead of the other figures, and there they are, forty-one, forty-two, and so on up to forty-eight."

A general laugh followed this exposure, messmates, for the facts were pretty well known to be true. "I wish some on you as is near him, would give that youngster a clout o' the head for me," says Larkins.

"Which you'll return him again," sings out the other, as he gave them a wide berth, and sprang up the after ladder; "them are the only debts you ever pay, Larkins."

"I'll pay you by and by," says Larkins, "and take a receipt in full of all demands, depend upon it, my fine fellow; I'd have you now, but I've got other business on hand."

"With me, I presume," says Moodie in a rather contemptible manner, "but I would advise you not to carry your nonsense too far; for though but young in the Service, I am not ignorant of the circumstances of life and the regulations of good society, though, perhaps, I should be out in my latitude to observe any kind of that last here."

"Mutiny, mutiny!" shouts Larkins, as he claps his hands together—"will you bear these reflections on your gentility, Recifers—will you submit to be insulted by a greenhorn as never saw blue water, and don't never know the main-tack from the cook's tormentors? Are our sacred privileges to be invaded by a puny boater as talks about rich relatives which he never had, and titles that are not to be found among the nobility of this country, whatever they may be at Madagascar or the Sandwich Islands? What do you say, gentlemen? will you endure all this, and yet call yourselves officers?"

"He's in good hands, Larkins," says several as wanted to egg 'em on, "you are the oldest and the ugliest among us, and you shall be our champion—pistols, cutlasses, or boarding-pikes, or 24-pounders, if you like such delicate articles better."

"Yes, yes," says Larkins, "the respectability of the mess demands satisfaction—my own wounded honour—"

"Clap a plaster of tar upon your wound, if so be as you can find it," shouts the youngster on the ladder; "but it ain't by no means possible to injure nothing."

The flight of a boot-jack at the youngster's head, and which he narrowly escaped by bending down, stopped his voice for a few minutes; but it was plain that with all his striving to be cool, Larkins was getting into a passion.

"Gentlemen," says Moodie, in a bit of a sneer, as he puts on his hat, "gentlemen, I shall leave you to your old pastime, which, from what I have seen, looks as if it had been pretty much practised among you before I joined—"

"And what may that be?" axes two or three on 'em in a breath, for they were nettled at his being so independent and sharp.

"What may that be?" repeats Moodie, as he was walking away, "why making fools of one another to be sure." He turns round again—"I came into the Service with good feelings and wishes for you all—I hoped to be received with generosity by my new associates, and as I was wholly unacquainted with the duties of a ship of war, I expected to find young and ardent minds ready to show their friendship by giving me a lift in my education. But what have I found it since the very first hour of my coming on board?—persecution—persecution—nothing but persecution, which neither the work of the day nor the silence of night has clapped a stopper on. Base tricks have been played me

in the dark—I have met with nothing but mortification in the light—what have I done—”

“You should have taken your text before you began to preach,” says Larkins, interrupting him; and the next moment a wet swab, thrown by some one from a gloomy part of the deck, struck Mr. Moodie in the face, and made his nose bleed; but he did not seem to heed it, for snatching up the boot-jack which had been shied at the youngster, as I told you afore, he dashed at Larkins, and with one blow laid him flat on his beam-ends. But he didn’t remain so long, for starting up again, he struck Moodie, and being much bigger and stronger, he capsizes him in an instant. Well, this throws ‘em all into confusion, and the matter began to get somut serious. One or two sides with Moodie, and takes his part, and the rest goes over to Larkins, talking very big words for such small mouths. At last, after some confab among ‘em, it was agreed that the quarrel should be decided off-hand by a duel with ship’s pistols, and a couple of brace were got out of the arm-chest. Now, thinks I to myself, this is a little bit too much of the monkey, so I beckons Mr. Quinton to me, and says I, “Them are venturesome things to handle, Mr. Quinton, and I can’t lay idle here and see such weapons used, countryman again countryman, as ought only to be pointed at our enemies,—so, if the young genelman don’t carry them back to their proper stowage,” says I, “why then I must report it to the First Leftenant.”

“Oh, it’s all fun,” says Mr. Quinton, “there’ll be no harm done,—only a few grains of powder in each pistol, to make a flash, and see whether Moodie can stand fire.”

“But even then, Mr. Quinton, it isn’t by no manner of means fair,” says I, “for Mr. Larkins will know that there is never no shot in the pistol to hurt him, but Mr. Moodie will not know it. To make all square both on ‘em should have been led to believe there was ball, and then they would have been equal.”

“That’s very true, Tom,” says he, “but it can’t be done now; and, as it’s only a bit of harmless fun, why let ‘em play it out.”

“But I don’t like to see game made of anything, Mr. Quinton,” says I, somut positively, “specially making game of them there instruments of death, and I shall insist upon its going no further, whether in fun or in earnest.”

And so I walks aft towards the gun-room, where they had all gone into, but the door was fast, and afore I could force it open I hears the reports of two pistols, followed by loud roars of laughter, and, bursting in, found the place filled with smoke, which, howsoever, soon cleared off, and there stood Mr. Moodie, the very model of despair, one hand twisted in his curly locks, and the discharged pistol in the other hanging by his side. On the deck, throwing his limbs about as if they didn’t belong to him, laid Mr. Larkins, whilst the rest were looking on, and admiring how nat’rally he acted dying to deceive his opponent, who fancied the weapons had been loaded with ball.

“Well done, Larkins,” shouts one, “He’s regularly done for,” sings out another, “My eyes, Moodie, but you’re a good shot,” says a third, and so they carried on, alcumternately speaking to Moodie and to Larkins; and I own, messmates, that I was astonished in my own mind to see how well the fallen Middy could counterfeit the last struggles, as one or two of his own party kneeled over him. At last he gave a convulsive spring, turned over on his face, and laid quite still.

“Come, come, young genelman,” says I, “avast at all this here gammoning consarn. Don’t frighten yourself, Mr. Moodie, he’s ownly shamming it, and even that’s no great credit to him. Rouse up, Mr. Larkins, and show him as it’s all nonsense,—you’ve gone quite far enough.”

“Ah—yes,” says several of his side, “it’s of no use playing any longer, Larkins. Moodie stood fire nobly; and so let’s have no more on it.”

But the prostrate young man seemed determined to carry on the trick; for he laid without moving a limb.

“Come, come, Larkins,” says his second, “you have acted your part most admirably, and frightened poor Moodie out of seven years’ growth. It’s a shame to carry the farce on any longer,—get up and shake hands with him.”

“I shall be most happy to do so,” says Moodie, advancing, and delighted at being told that it was all gammon; for he had begun to grow a little frantic when he thought he had wounded, and perhaps killed him. “Yes, I shall be very happy,” says he, laughing hecsterially, “very happy, indeed, if he will howld out his hand to me and be friends.”

But still Larkins never moved nor showed any signs or symptom of being reconciled. “This is rank folly,” says his second, “come, rouse and bitt Well, if you won’t, you shall be treated like a dead man. Here, catch howld of his head, arms, and legs, some on you, and we’ll lay him out on the mess-table. Bear a hand, reefers, d’ye hear?” He stooped down, turned the young man over,—there was a pool of black blood under where his breast had laid,—a ball had passed through his heart—he was a lifeless corpse.

As soon as the truth was known there was a wild cry among the Midshipmen, and upbraiding each other they rushed from the gun-room, so that only I and Mr. Moodie and the dead body remained. In a minute or so the Doctor’s Mate came in; but, after feeling the pulse and examining the wound, he declared the cruise of life was up,—he was no longer in existence, and even his spirit had got beyond hail. As for poor Moodie, he sat himself on the gun-carriage, wringing his hands in agony, and bursting out into loud cries and lamentations. Down came the two Leftenants to inquire into the matter, and all the Midshipmen were summoned into the gun-room, to give evidence over the bleeding corpse of their old messmate. But no one could tell how the fatal affair had happened,—the seconds, who loaded the pistols, declared they had put in nothing more than a small quantity of powder; and no one had seen anything like a ball. What I knew of it I told the Leftenants, from beginning to end. Poor Moodie was placed under confinement; but nobody believed that he had put in the ball himself,—though its sartin that from the first he supposed that it was so loaded, and took the whole consarn quite serious. It was a moloncholy sight, was young Larkins’ funeral; for, though nobody could give him a good name, yet he had those qualities about him that made him missed more than a better man. All the ship’s boats followed in procession, with their colours half-staff down, and his relatives and the Midshipmen tailed on after the coffin when they got ashore. But there was no heart so sad among ‘em all as poor Moodie’s, confined as he was in the after-cockpit, and upbraiding himself as having committed murder. His mother almost doated upon him,—he was her first-born, and had always been her pet; and mayhap it was a bit of pride on her part in telling him of the great families he was allied to, that did all the mischief by making him vain. But he was a clever lad, and had a power of learning at his fingers’ ends. Well, his mother came aboard, and it was a sad meeting between the two, for everything they said to try and comfort one another did but make ‘em more wretched. His father was not able to come, for

he was confined ill in his hammock, hove down with a fever burning him up,—and this increased the poor lad’s misery. As for Mr. Larkins’s friends, nothing could console ‘em, and they were dreadfully bitter against poor Moodie for having shot him, though he in a great measure brought it upon himself. Mrs. Moodie promised to do all she could for her son again the day of trial; and so she did, for she got an old relative, as was a dignitary of the Church, to stand her friend, and he exarted himself to see as the young man should have fair play.

At last the day of trial came; the court-martial flag was hoisted in the owld Gladiator, and there was as fine a set of fellows collected together as members as ever any one would wish to see. Admiral Sir Richard Bickerton was President, and Sir Harry Neale, Lord Keith, Sir Richard Keats, and ever so many more Captains, who were afterwards all hands on ‘em Admirals, were members,—so that the prisoner was sure of having justice sarved out to him. And his mother in her widow’s dress,—for her husband had died,—was allowed to be aboard, and tried to cheer up his spirits, though she was sadly downhearted herself; but the officers behaved kindly to her, and she hoped all would go favourably for her son. Poor Mr. Moodie, whatsover he might have felt, behaved like a trump when he got before the court,—and it’s no pleasant sensation, messmates, I’m thinking, to stand in the presence of all them officers, with the provoo marshall at your side, carrying his cutlash over his shoulder, and every eye looking upon you, as if they’d look you through and through. Howsoever he stood it very well though his lips quivered when the charge of murder was read out again him; but he rallied his courage, knocked off a tear that had trickled down on the tip of his nose, and said “Not guilty,” in a voice as clear as my call, and that hasn’t a flaw in it.

The witnesses were all examined, and every one on ‘em spoke of the provocations that the prisoner had received, but none on ‘em could say he was backward to fight,—on the contrary, they were forced to admit that he was uncommon eager for it, and believed the pistols were both loaded with ball. The whole story was correctly told, and then they overhauled the question as to how the pistol came to have a shot in it. Here they got to a dead fix,—not a soul could or would tell, and it was at last supposed that the pistol had been put away in the arm-chest undischarged, and the fact was not diskivered by the second, who merely put in some powder.

Two hours was granted Mr. Moodie to prepare his defence, and exactly at the last turn of the glass he was brought up again into the court; and talk about education,—my eyes, messmates, but his’n was a defence, indeed,—the words came as smoothly out of his mouth as if every one on ‘em had been buttered; and when he spoke of his youth, and their taunting him about his poverty, and described the general treatment he had received where he had expected all kindness and good fellowship, there warn’t hardly a dry eye in the cabin. He talked about the humble but happy home of his childhood,—the tenderness of his mother, and the care she had taken of him, and he placed alongside of these the insults and ill-usage he had suffered from Larkins. Hurred on by the petuosity of his feelings, and determined to show ‘em that he was no coward, he was induced to accept the challenge, for he considered they were all in earnest; and, whatever might be the judgment of the court, he should never cease to regret the unhappy consequences of misguided rashness that had brought a fellow-countryman and a messmate to an untimely grave.

Here he finished, and placing his hands over his face he sobbed as if his heart was bursting. This was too much for the Admiral and Captains. Sir Richard Bickerton held down his head, and waved his hand for ‘em to clear the court,—the other officers looked aft at the President, so as to hide their faces, and many a tar dashed the spray from his cheeks as he hurried out of the cabin. The prisoner was conducted below, and more than an hour passed away in the most painful suspense to both mother and son,—though, for the matter o’ that, there warn’t a soul belonging to the ship but felt great interest in the proceedings, and anxiously waited for the decision of the court. At length it was ordered to be opened, and every part was instantly filled,—it was close stowage, messmates, I can tell you. When Mr. Moodie was brought up and placed on the larboard hand of the Judge-Advocate,—his face was flushed and agitated; but I’m blessed if I don’t believe he was thinking more of his mother than he was of hisself. There was no need to order “Silence,” there was scarcely a breath to be heard,—all was so still and solemn, as the President requested that all the young genelman should be mustered in the cabin; and after some shoving and squeezing they all got berths.

“Prisoner,” says the Admiral, “it now becomes my painful duty to pass upon you the judgment of the Court.” At the word “painful,” messmates, there was a heavy drawing of the breath by all who heard it, for it spoke at once what that judgment would be. “Prisoner,” continues the Admiral, “you have been fairly and faithfully tried by the laws of your country, for wilfully and knowingly taking the life of a fellow creature, and that fellow creature a brother officer and a messmate. We, the members of this Court, have duly considered both the evidence and the defence, giving to each a patient and impartial ‘vestigation; and though on the one hand it must be admitted that you received great provocation—that you were unaccustomed to the Service, and perhaps the dread of being thought a coward, operated on your mind, yet we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that you deliberately aimed at the deceased, confident of the deadly nature of the contest. There is no proof as to how the pistol came to be loaded with ball, for it has been shown that the duel which has ended so unhappily, was got up in sport; and here I would warn every young officer in the Service to avoid such conduct in future, for as in the present instance there’s no telling how it may end. You, prisoner, however, fully believed that the pistol was charged with ball, and fired it with deadly purpose at your opponent, by which his life was sacrificed. This, in the opinion of the Court, amounts to murder.” There was a deep groan, messmates, from all hands; the Admiral stopped, looked round him, waved his hand for silence, and then went on “It is truly distressing to see one so young placed in your perilous situation; we all deeply feel it, but there is a superior duty we are bound to discharge. The Court find you guilty of the crime laid to your charge, and the sentence is that you be hung.”—Here the confusion burst out—there was sobbing and groaning, and cries of “Lord, have mercy upon him!” but it only lasted for an instant or two, the Admiral’s voice commanding “silence,” quickly restored order. As for poor Mr. Moodie, he stood like one stupified or stunned, and yet, I’m sure he was thinking of his mother. The President continued, “at the foreyard-arm of such ship, and at such time as the Lords of the Admiralty shall see fit to direct. But, prisoner,” the listeners held their breath to catch the rest, “But, prisoner, though we can hold out no certain hopes of mercy, yet we conceive that sufficient has come before us to recommend your case most earnestly to the clemency of our Sovereign, in order that your life may be spared.”

This was a sudden lull after the gale, messmates; and though many thought the sentence too hard, and others swore it was unjust—not in Court though

messmates, for there they were silent after the delivery—yet, mayhap, it was right according to law, and done more to keep others from playing such monkey-tricks by frightening on 'em a bit, than for any real intention to punish severely. At first, Mrs. Moodie forgot the sentence, under a hope that her son's life would be saved. They had, however, but few minutes for communication, for the boat was ready, and he was guarded back to his own ship, whilst she got alongside of the Admiral, and with all a mother's love implored his favour towards the young man. An uncle that had only lately come from Inge, too, as well as the dignitary of the Church, lent a helping hand, but for some days all was doubt.

One morning the boat came off with the letters from the Post Office, and a portly-looking gentleman, in black, as took a passage in her, mounted the side, and walked aft on the quarter-deck to the Captain, who stood near the binnacle talking to the Purser. The gentleman pulled off his hat to the Skipper, and made a grand salaam, all ship-shape, and proper, and then he hands him a packet with a black seal as big as the truck at the mizen-royal masthead, and makes him another bow. The Captain takes the letter, looks at it from clew to ear-ring, and then invites the gentleman in black into his cabin! and "mayhaps," thinks I, "it's the death-warrant for the onfortunate prisoner, poor fellow," and I looks up quite doleful at the foreyard arm.

Well, messmates, just then the flag-ship's cutter pulls alongside, and brings Mrs. Moodie, who runs up the commodation ladder as quick as a maintop man; and says I to myself, "It's all plain enough, she's come to pass a few more miserable hours with him, afore they parts company for ever—it's a hard case though," and my heart seemed to sink down like a dippy lead. Well, aboard she comes, laughing and crying hecsterically; and the First Lieutenant went to her at the gangway, where she was howling on for support, and offers her his arm, but she could not stand, and so they brought her a chair and a glass of water, and, "Poor sowl," says I, "it must be a terrible blow to her, and she already a widow."

Well, messmates, as soon as she had recovered a bit, the Lieutenant takes her arm under his own, and walks her into the Captain's cabin; and he hardly had time to leave her there, when alongside comes the Commissioner's barge, with an ould army officer in regimentals, with a slip of black crape round his arm, and another little cribbaged-face ould genelman in black, with a shovel-cut skyvel aloft, and a small bit of black silk, like a woman's apron, hanging down afore the flaps of his tights; and as he ascended the side, I heard one on 'em spoken to as "General—somebody," I always forgets names, and the other was called "My Lord," in regard of his being a Bishop; and these turned out to be the uncle from Inge, and the dignitary of the Church, and the Captain comes out and salaams to 'em, and there was as much puriteness as would have earved the whole Chatham division of Jollies for six months; and then away they all goes into the cabin together. By and bye poor Mr. Moodie was sent for, and he came up the ladder almost the ghost of his former self: he looked pale and thin, and ill, and "they won't have over-and-above much trouble in doing for him, poor young genelman," thinks I to myself; "it's pretty well up with him as it is."

As soon as he got on to the quarter-deck, the Lieutenant luffs up to him. "Come, cheer up, Mr. Moodie," says he, rather more joyous than I thought was proper, considering the predicikymment he was in; "there may be comfort in store for you yet," says he, "your mother—"

"What—what of my mother, sir?" says the poor young genelman, clasping his hands, "for the love of heaven do not conceal any thing from me. What has happened to my mother?"

"Nothing—nothing, my good fellow," says the Lieutenant, seemingly surprised at his eagerness, "I merely intended to tell you that she is now on board in the Captain's cabin—that's all."

"Is there indeed no other intelligence that you can communicate?" axed Moodie, as he fixed his large dark eyes on the other's face. "Am I—am I?"

"Oh, yes, yes," says the Lieutenant, as if almost hove down with agitation. "You are indeed—"

"God's will be done," says the youngster; "oh, my poor mother! this will break her heart."

"What will break her heart, my lad?" axes the Lieutenant, as he took the condemned youth by the hand; "oh, no—no, she was a little bit flustered at first, but she is all a-taunto now."

"All a-taunto!" repeats Moodie, as if horror-struck; "what! calmly satisfied when her son has to suffer death?"

"Suffer what?—suffer death!—no such thing," says the Lieutenant; "there's a free pardon come aboard;—there's your uncle the sojer, and t'other relation the Bishop, alongside of the Skipper. The ould Earl of some place or t'other, and his son, are both dead, and you as the next heir have succeeded to the title and estates;—so give us your flipper, my Lord—eh!—what's all this?"

The sudden change from the prospect of death to the certainty of life and fortune, was too much for the youth: he turned as pale as a corpse, and fell all along the deck in a strong fit. In an instant I whips him up in my arms, and carries him into the cabin, where I laid him on the sofy, and then skulls off for the doctor, who soon brought him to; and, oh, if you had but seen him cling round his mother's neck as she held him to her heart;—if you had but seen how they all tried to smooth him down, for the course of his thoughts was a bit wildish at first, it would have done you all good. The Captain ordered him a glass of wine, and by-and-bye he gets more becalmed; and then they displaind to him how every thing was, but still he reproached himself about young Larkins, and declared he should never cease to be sorry for what had taken place. After a time they all went a-shore in the Commissioner's barge, and they called him "My Lord," and paid him every respect. The next day there was a hundred guineas sent off for the ship's company; and so instead of a hanging-match, messmates, there was nothing but jollification, for all hands fore and aft, partook of his Lordship's gift; and it was only a short time since as I met him near the Admiralty, and he gave me a guinea in token of old remembrances. He left the Service though, and made all the reparation in his power to the friends of the unfortunate Mr. Larkins. There, messmates, is my yarn of the COCKPIT DUEL."

"And a good yarn, too, Tom," said the Quartermaster; "I was monstrously afraid they were going to make a jewel-block of him, and them relations had come to bid him good by."

"The ould nobleman and his son seem to have died off very conveniently," said the Captain of the Foretop; "it was just in the nick of time."

"So it was, Bill; but they had been dead nearly two months before in Italy," responded the Boatswain's Mate, "only they didn't know it in England; and so in course when they were trying Mr. Moodie by court-martial, they were trying a peer of the realm, and they tell me one of them sort of quality can only be tried in the House of Lords. Howsomever, so it was, and there he is now,

God bless him, with a beautiful lady for his wife, and lots of babbies, all happy and comfortable; though I am told that he shuts himself up all day long, and won't see nobody on every hangiversary of the duel, and not a soul is allowed to disturb him from morning to night, nor does he eat or drink anything all the while except a bit of bread and a drink of water; so, messmates,—but there's eight bells, and I must call the next watch."

The next instant his pipe was sounding as shrill as a north-wester, and his voice, summoning the starboard-watch on deck, passed down the hatchway, like an electric shock, to the hammocks of the sleepers below, which immediately discharged their nautical sparks to relieve their shipmates upon deck.

THE CAMPAIGN IN 1815.*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

In a former article we endeavoured, in such brief limits as a magazine paper permits, to trace out the current of events from the period of Napoleon's first advance on the Belgian frontier, to the end of the battle of Quatre Bras; the principal points on which we requested our readers' attention being the boldness and determination of the French Emperor's first movement—the admirable disposition he had made for attack—with, on the other hand, the resolute coolness of our own great Captain, and his willingness to accept a battle, whenever a fair field should present itself.

To engage the Prussian and the Anglo-allied armies separately, was the great feature of Napoleon's plan. To defeat the former first, and then, cutting off all communication between the two, fall with full force on the latter, was the great game of success he had promised himself. Let us now examine how far fortune seconded his efforts. At Ligny, the Prussians were beaten. The battle was well and hardly fought, but with unequal forces, and the Prussians were beaten. The fight of Quatre Bras, although no victory for the French, had decided the second feature of his grand design, and prevented the promised support of the British on the Prussian right. It only remains then to track out the circumstances which immediately succeeded, to learn how far the Emperor's calculations were destined for accomplishment, and how the third and by far the greatest stroke of his genius was to be crowned by fortune.

When the Prussian army was beaten at Ligny, two lines of retreat particularly presented themselves to the general's choice—the one by Namur on Liege, the other on Wavre.

The former possessed certain undoubted advantages: it served to maintain the line of retreat on their own country, should the Prussian army be necessitated to fall back; it would also enable them to form a junction with Bülow's corps, then on the march; but if it had these features of security to recommend its adoption, there was a reverse to the medal. By such a movement, all support to the Anglo-allied army should be abandoned—a distance of full forty miles would be placed between the two forces, and all hope of future junction rendered impossible. The bolder policy was that which met favor with the old warrior. To collect his scattered forces—to fall back on Wavre—to reorganize his shattered battalions, and have one more throw for victory, was the course he resolved on; and when Wellington sent to request that he would assist him with one corps, the gallant Blücher replied, "I'll come with my whole army." It has been said that the retreat on Wavre was the suggestion of Gnesenau, and that Blücher was then too severely bruised by his fall to resume the chief command. However this may be, the act well merited Napoleon's epithet—it was "a trait of genius," and a trait of heroism also.

The loud thundering of cannon in the direction of Ligny had informed the Duke of Wellington that a great battle was being fought in that quarter; but the firing ceased at nightfall, and no tidings reached him as to the result, for the Prussian officer sent with the intelligence had been taken prisoner by the French.

In this state of uncertainty, the night of the 16th was passed. Orders were, however, forwarded for Clinton to move his division from Nivelles to Quatre Bras the following morning, and for Colville to march from Enghien on Nivelles. The reserve artillery was also called up, and every preparation made to engage the French on the ensuing day; or, if Blücher had been unsuccessful, to accomplish a retreat with an ample force on some point of future concentration.

The defeat at Ligny compelled Blücher, as we have seen, to choose between the course which offered safety to his own army, or that which, by co-operating with Wellington, might terminate the war in one great and glorious victory. He chose the nobler path, and, abandoning the line of the Meuse, fell back towards Louvain, by Wavre.

The bivouac on the field of Quatre Bras continued undisturbed during the night of the 16th, until about an hour before daybreak, when a cavalry patrol, having accidentally got between the adverse picquets, an alarm was communicated to both armies by a rattling fire of musketry, which gradually extended itself throughout the whole line of advanced posts. Picton was one of the first to ascertain the origin of this surprise, and quickly perceiving that no advance was attempted on either side, soon succeeded in restoring confidence. Similar efforts were made at the same time by the French officers; and as day was breaking, all was tranquil as before. The Duke, who passed the night at Genappe, arrived early on the field, and learned from Vivian what had occurred, and that, except this slight demonstration, nothing had taken place. As Wellington swept the field with his telescope, he discovered a French vidette on some rising ground near Fleurus, and a little to the right of the Namur road. This might either prove to be a picquet thrown out from Ney's right, or belong to some detached corps placed to maintain the communication between Napoleon and the Marshal. No intelligence had yet reached Wellington of the result of the battle at Ligny—a strange circumstance, too, when we think that scarcely a league and a half separated the two armies—and judging, probably from the advanced position of the vidette in question, that whatever the success of Ligny, no advance at least had been made by the Prussians, he suspected that it might be possible Napoleon had crossed the Namur road, and, cutting off his communication with Blücher, was now preparing an attack on his left and rear, while Ney should renew the battle in front.

A troop of the 10th Hussars, under Captain Grey, accompanied by Sir Alex. Gordon, one of the Duke's aides-de-camp, was despatched to gain intelligence, and returned in about an hour with the news that the Prussians had retreated on Wavre, but that the French had neither crossed the Namur road nor even occupied it with any force—a remarkable circumstance, but which plainly indicated that the victory had not been such as enabled Napoleon to follow it up by any decisive movement in pursuit.

This want of his accustomed energy on the part of Napoleon, has been the subject of considerable comment; and arguments against and explanations in favor of his line of action, have abounded among the military writers of the

* History of the War in France and Belgium in 1815. By Captain William Siborne. 2 vols. 8vo.

continent—many asserting that a vigorous pursuit of the defeated Prussians after Ligny must have ended in the total destruction of that army; and others alleging, with more of reason on their side, that the result of that battle was by no means of that character which should have emboldened him to such a course.

It must not be forgotten that Thielemann's corps did not fall back before midnight on the 16th, and when the main body of the army had safely retired; nor was it until three o'clock on the morning of the 17th that the field of battle was completely evacuated, when the Prussian rear-guard retired slowly on Gembloux, where the fourth corps, under Bulow, had arrived during the night.

Bearing this in mind, and that the possession of the field of battle, and the capture of twenty-one pieces of cannon, were the only advantages of the victory, it may appear that there was little temptation to press on the steps of an army retreating to form fresh combinations with new troops, the great object being apparently already gained in the temporary separation of the Prussian and Anglo-allied forces.

Leaving this question to be canvassed by more competent critics, let us proceed with the actual events. Wellington having now ascertained that the contingency for which, as we have already shown, he was fully prepared, had actually taken place, instantly determined on retrograding his troops to a position which should command the advance on Brussels from Nivelles and Charleroi; and thus, while opposing a bold front to the French attack, calculate on the co-operation of Blücher's forces from Wavre to strengthen his own left flank.

Hence the previous movement, which contemplated the concentration at Quatre Bras, was countermanded; and on the morning of the 17th, the following instructions were issued:—

“To General Lord Hill.

“17th June, 1815

“The 2nd division of British infantry to march from Nivelles on Waterloo, at 10 o'clock.

“The brigades of the 4th division, now at Nivelles, to march from that place on Waterloo, at 10 o'clock. Those brigades of the 4th division at Braine-le-Comte, and on the road from Braine-le-Comte to Nivelles, to collect and halt at Braine-le-Comte this day.

“All the baggage on the road from Braine-le-Comte to return immediately to Braine-le-Comte, and to proceed immediately from thence to Hal and Bruxelles.

“The spare musket ammunition to be immediately parked behind Genappe.

“The corps under the command of Prince Frederick of Orange will move from Enghein this evening, and take up a position in front of Hal, occupying Braine-le-Chateau with two battalions.

“Colonel Estorff will fall back with his brigade on Hal, and place himself under the orders of Prince Frederick.”

Shortly after the despatch of the hussar patrol, under Captain Grey, the Duke received some despatches from England, to which he gave his attention; and then, quietly lying down on the ground in the field near Quatre Bras, he covered his head with one of the newspapers he had been reading, and fell soundly asleep.

This faculty of snatching a moment of repose at any favourable interval amid the great and onerous duties of his station, seems to have been a gift with the Duke throughout his whole career; and the writer of this brief notice has heard, from one whose official position placed him in close intimacy with his Grace, that he could at any moment release his mind from its numerous cares, and by a sleep of twenty minutes or half-an-hour, awake refreshed and ready to resume his labours.

The perfect stillness of Ney's force was now such, that as the Duke observed them through his telescope, he could not avoid remarking, “What if they should be also retiring? It is not at all impossible.”

About this time a second officer, despatched by Blücher, more fortunate than the first, reached the Duke with news that the Prussians were in retreat on Wavre; upon which Wellington wrote a letter to Blücher, acquainting him with his intended retrograde movement, and proposing Waterloo as the ground on which to await the enemy.

That this great plain was already regarded by the Duke as a fitting field to try the prowess of the two hostile armies, and had been, at an early period of the campaign, considered as a likely place for a great battle, the writer has abundant evidence within his own knowledge, having seen the military survey of the field made by an officer in the engineer department of the British army, five weeks before the battle. All the great positions of the ground are laid down with care and accuracy, and in their relation to the events of the battle, are striking evidences of that military *coup d'œil*, which is, perhaps, the most remarkable of all the Duke's talents as a general.

We extract from our author the manner in which the retreat was executed:

“The 1st and 5th British divisions, and the 2nd Dutch-Belgian division, as also the Brunswick corps, effected their retreat in excellent order, notwithstanding the delay that was created by the narrowness of the bridge and street of Genappe. Their retreat was covered by Alten's division, to which were added for this purpose, the 1st battalion of the 95th British regiment, (rifles,) the 2nd and 3rd Brunswick light battalions, and the Brunswick advanced-guard battalion. The main body of this division commenced its retreat about eleven o'clock. Ompteda's brigade of the King's German legion was withdrawn to Sart-a-Mavelines, which it immediately occupied, as also the wood of Les Censees, in its front. Halkett's British brigade then retired secretly until it reached some favorable ground, a little distance in rear of Ompteda's brigade, upon which it was immediately drawn up. Kiemanssegge's Hanoverian brigade was withdrawn still further to the rear, and occupied a third position. Thus posted, the division was ordered, in the event of being attacked, to retire by brigades alternately.

“It was a little before mid-day when the light troops of Alten's division began to retire. They occupied the advanced line, commencing from the southern extremity of the wood of Bossu on the right, extending along Gemioncourt and the inclosures of Piermont, and crossing the Namur road on the left; from which line they gradually and slowly fell back upon Ompteda's brigade, in a manner evincing admirable skill, steadiness, and regularity.

“In order more effectually to mask the movements on the Allied side of the Namur road, the whole of the cavalry was drawn up in two lines immediately contiguous to, and in rear of, that road; the heavy cavalry forming the second line, and picquets being thrown out from the first line, to relieve those of the retiring infantry.

“The main body of Alten's division now commenced its further retreat; but not by alternate brigades, this mode having been directed only in the event of an attack: the latter retired successively in the order in which they stood, preserving their relative distances, so that they might commence the alternate system of retreat, if attacked. To facilitate the passage of other portions of the

army through the narrow defile of the bridge and town of Genappe, this division retired by Bezy, and crossed the Genappe, lower down the stream, by the bridge of Wais-le-Hutte.”

At an early hour of the morning Ney himself was ignorant of the result of the battle of Ligny; but, calculating that if Napoleon had succeeded against the Prussians, the longer Wellington remained on the field of Quatre Bras, the more certainty was there of his being cut off, he did not make any movement in advance; while, if on the other hand, the Emperor should not have gained the battle, an attack on his part would have been equally ill-judged—the more as he perceived that, during the night, a considerable body of cavalry had reinforced the Anglo-Allied army, giving a great superiority in point of numbers to the enemy. A despatch at length arrived from Soult, briefly describing the battle of Ligny, and stating, that if the British should attack, the Emperor would immediately march to his support by the Namur road, and cut them off completely from Brussels. He also mentioned that the troops were already on the march towards Bry, close to which the high road leads from Namur to Quatre-Bras.

Later on, a second despatch informed him that the Emperor had just posted the imperial guard and a corps of infantry in advance of Marbais, and wished Ney to attack the enemy at Quatre Bras, and force him from his position; and that his operations would be seconded by the troops at Marbais, whither his Majesty was proceeding in person.

Perceiving that the troops in front were cavalry covering the retreat of the infantry—for already the Anglo-Allied army were falling back—Ney advanced against them with his own cavalry, regulating the attack in concert with a body of horse, which he now perceived moving against their flank along the Namur road.

“About this time, the 10th hussars were moved across the Namur road, and down the slope in front, where they were halted, in echelon of squadrons; and while they were thus posted, Wellington and his staff came to the front of the regiment. From this spot the Duke was attentively watching, through his telescope, the dispositions and movements of the French, when all at once, at a distance of about two miles, masses were seen forming on the side of the Namur road, conspicuously glittering in the sun's rays; by which the Duke was at first inclined to believe that they were infantry, whose bayonets were so brilliantly reflected; but it was soon discovered that they were cuirassiers. After a short time, these were observed to advance, preceded by lancers, and it was not long before the picket of the 18th British hussars, posted on that road, began skirmishing, as did also the picket of the 10th British hussars, more in the front of the position, and likewise, still further to the right, in front of Quatre-Bras, a picket consisting of a squadron of the 11th British light dragoons, detached from Major-General Vandeleur's brigade, which comprised the 11th light dragoons, (under Lieut. Colonel Smith,) the 12th light dragoons, (under Colonel the Hon. Frederick Ponsonby) and the 16th light dragoons, (under Lieut.-Col. Hay.) The 10th hussars then fell back again into their proper place in the line. Vivian now took up a new alignment, throwing back his left so as to present a front to the enemy's advance, and to protect the left of the position. Vandeleur's brigade was then in right rear of Vivian's, and close to Quatre-Bras.

“The Anglo-Allied infantry having, some time previously, entirely crossed the Genappe, with the exception of the 1st battalion 95th British regiment, (rifles,) which had been directed to remain until the last moment, and which was now retiring to Genappe, (where it was subsequently drawn up at the entrance of the town,) and the Duke having satisfied himself that a formidable body of the French cavalry was endeavouring to fall upon him and molest his retreat, it became a question with his Grace, at the moment, how far it might be advisable to offer any serious resistance to the advance of the enemy; but Lieut.-General the Earl of Uxbridge, the commander of the Anglo-Allied cavalry, having remarked that, considering the defiles in the rear, and the distance to which the great mass of the infantry had already retired, and from which it could offer no immediate support, he did not think the cavalry was favourably situated for making such an attempt. Wellington assented to the correctness of this view, and requested his Lordship at once to carry into effect the retreat of the cavalry.”

By a most skilful disposition of the force under his command, Lord Uxbridge retired his cavalry, by brigades, supporting each other alternately, the enemy pressing vigorously from time to time on them, and maintaining a heavy artillery fire almost without intermission.

“The weather, during the morning, had become oppressively hot; it was now a dead calm; not a leaf was stirring, and the atmosphere was close to an intolerable degree; while a dark, heavy, dense cloud impended over the combatants. The 18th hussars were fully prepared, and awaited but the command to charge, when the brigade-guns on the right commenced firing, for the purpose of previously disturbing and breaking the order of the enemy's advance. The concussion seemed instantly to rebound through the still atmosphere, and communicate, as an electric spark, with the heavily charged mass above. A most awfully loud thunder-clap burst forth, immediately succeeded by a rain which has never, probably, been exceeded in violence even within the tropics. In a very few minutes the ground became perfectly saturated; so much so that it was quite impracticable for any rapid movement of the cavalry. The enemy's lancers, opposed to the 6th British brigade, began to relax in their advance, and to limit it to skirmishing; but they seemed more intent upon endeavouring to envelope, and intercept the retreat of, the hussars. Vivian now replaced the 18th hussars by the 1st hussars of the King's German legion, as rear-guard, with orders to cover well the left flank and the left front of the brigade. He had already sent off his battery of horse-artillery to cross the Genappe by the bridge of Thuy, and despatched an aide-de-camp to Vandeleur, to request he would move his brigade as quickly as possible across that bridge, so that he might meet with no interruption in his retreat, in the event of his being hard pressed.”

As the centre column retreated, the 7th hussars were thrown out as a rear-guard to cover them, one troop of which, commanded by Lieut. O'Grady, the present Lord Guillemore, held the high road, being frequently obliged to advance, to enable the skirmishers to hold their ground, the movement being most difficult, through ploughed fields, where the horses sank up to their very girths occasionally.

At a short distance from Genappe General Dornberg informed Lieut. O'Grady that he must leave him; the bridge being so narrow, the squadron should pass it in file; that he must face the enemy boldly at the spot, and endeavour, if he could, to draw off his skirmishers. As the General shook his hand on parting, his manner clearly showed that he believed that the service he assigned him was a forlorn hope, and never expected to see him again. O'Grady, however, called in the skirmishers, and advanced with his own troop boldly up the road. The cavalry immediately opposed to his, went about, pursued by his

for some distance; and thus did he continue alternately to advance and retire, until he saw the whole right troop safe on the road in his rear; he then retired at a walk, halting and fronting, until he turned the corner of the town of Genappe, when he filed the men from the left, and dashed through at a gallop. When Dornberg met him on the other side of the town, and learned that he had not lost a man or a horse, he exclaimed—"Then Bonaparte is not with them; if he were, not a man of you could have escaped."

Meanwhile, the left column continued its retreat to the little bridge of Thuy, hotly pursued by the French cavalry; but on reaching the bridge, a number of dismounted hussars, by Vivian's orders, opened a destructive fire on the French; while the remainder of the 10th and the 18th were drawn up to receive them; and with such perfect steadiness, that the French relaxed the pursuit, and turned towards the high road.

"A large body of French cavalry, consisting of from sixteen to eighteen squadrons, was now entering Genappe by the Charleroi road, followed by the main body of the French army under Napoleon.

"The Earl of Uxbridge who was desirous of checking the enemy's advance, so as to gain sufficient time for the orderly retreat of the Anglo-Allied army, and to prevent a compromise of any portion of the rearmost troops, decided upon embracing the advantage which the narrow defile of Genappe seemed to present in aid of his design. The town consists mainly of houses lining the high road, on the Brussels side of the bridge. The road then ascends a ridge, the brow of which is about six or seven hundred yards distant, and here Lord Uxbridge had halted the heavy brigades of Lord Edward Somerset and of Sir William Ponsonby, and posted them so as to cover the retirement of the light cavalry. At first he formed them in line; Somerset's on the right, and Ponsonby's on the left of the high road; but observing, by the enemy's formidable advance, that the light cavalry would soon be compelled to fall back, his Lordship drew up Somerset's brigade in a column of half squadrons upon, but close to, the right of the high road itself, so as to admit of troops retiring by its left; and formed Ponsonby's brigade into a column of half squadrons upon the left of the high road, and somewhat to the rear. The 7th hussars were formed at some little distance in rear of Genappe, and the 23rd light dragoons were drawn up in support of that regiment, and about midway between it and the heavy cavalry on the height. The squadron of the 7th hussars, under Major Hodge, it will be recollected, was halted between the main body of that regiment and the town of Genappe. Thus posted, the centre retiring cavalry column remained about twenty minutes, when loud shouts announced that the French had entered the town. Presently a few horsemen appeared galloping out of the street, and dashed at speed into Major Hodge's squadron. They were found, on being taken, to be quite inebriated. In a few moments afterwards the French column showed its head within the town: the leading troop consisted of lancers, all very young men, mounted on very small horses, and commanded by a fine-looking, and, as it subsequently appeared, a very brave man. The column remained about fifteen minutes within the town, its head halted at the outlet facing the British rear-guard, and its flanks protected by the houses. The street not being straight, and the rear of the column not being aware that the front had halted, continued pressing forward, until the whole mass became so jammed that it was impossible for the foremost ranks to go about, should such a movement become necessary. Their apparent hesitation and indecision induced Lord Uxbridge, who stood upon some elevated ground adjoining the right of the road, to order the 7th hussars to charge. The latter, animated by the presence of the commander of the cavalry, who was also their own colonel, rushed forward with the most determined spirit and intrepidity; while the French, awaiting the onslaught, opposed to them a close, compact, and impenetrable phalanx of lances; which, being securely flanked by the houses, and backed by a solid mass of horsemen, presented a complete *chevaux de frise*. Hence, it is not surprising that the charge should have made no impression upon the enemy; nevertheless, the contest was maintained for some considerable time; the hussars cutting at their opponents, and the latter parrying and thrusting, neither party giving way a single inch of ground; both the commanding officer of the lancers, and Major Hodge, commanding the leading squadron of the hussars, were killed, gallantly fighting to the last. The French had by this time established a battery of horse artillery on the left of Genappe and upon the opposite bank of the river, from which they opened a brisk fire upon the British cavalry in support, and several shot struck the main body of the 7th hussars, upsetting men and horses, and causing great impediments in their rear. The French lancers now advanced, and drove the 7th hussars upon their reserve; but here the 7th rallied, renewed their attack, and forced back the lancers upon the town. The latter having been reinforced, rallied in their turn, and drove back the hussars. These, however, again rallied, and resolutely faced their opponents, with whom they gallantly continued a fierce encounter for some time longer, when, to terminate a conflict which was most obstinate and sanguinary without being productive of any favourable result, but in which the bravery of the 7th hussars shone most conspicuously, and became the theme of admiration of all who witnessed it, Lord Uxbridge decided upon withdrawing that regiment, and charging with the 1st life guards. As soon as the hussars went about, in pursuance of the orders received, the lancers followed them. In the melee which ensued, the French lost quite as many men as did the hussars; and when, at length, the latter were able to disengage themselves, the former did not attempt to follow them. The 7th retired through the 23rd light dragoons, took the first favourable turn off the road, and re-formed in the adjoining field.

"During this contest, the French, having become sensible of the evil that might arise from the closely wedged state of the cavalry in the town, began to clear the rear of the most advanced portion of the column, so as to admit of more freedom of movement in case of disaster. A battery of British horse artillery had taken post close to a house on the height occupied by the heavy cavalry, and on the left of the road; and it was now replying to the French battery on the opposite bank of the river.

"So exceedingly elated were the French with having repulsed the 7th hussars in their first serious encounter with the British cavalry, that immediately on that regiment retiring, the whole column that was in Genappe raised the war cry, and rent the air with shouts of '*En avant!—En avant!*' evincing the greatest impatience to follow up this momentary advantage, and to attack the supports; for which, indeed, the opportunity appeared very favourable, as the ranks of the latter were suffering considerable annoyance from the well-directed and effective fire of the French guns on the opposite bank of the river. They now abandoned the secure cover to which they had been indebted for their temporary success, and were advancing up the ascent with all the confidence of a fancied superiority, when the Earl of Uxbridge, seizing upon the advantage presented for attacking them while moving up-hill, with their flanks unsupported, and a narrow defile in their rear, and being also desirous of affording the 1st life guards an opportunity of charging, brought forward that re-

giment through the 23rd light dragoons, who opened out for its passage to the front. The life guards now made their charge. It was truly splendid: its rapid rush down into the enemy's mass was as terrific in appearance as it was destructive in its effect; for although the French met the attack with firmness, they were utterly unable to hold their ground a single moment, were overthrown with great slaughter, and literally ridden down in such a manner that the road was instantaneously covered with men and horses scattered in all directions. The life guards, pursuing their victorious course, dashed into Genappe, and drove all before them as far as the opposite outlet of the town."

After this the retreat was prosecuted with little further molestation, the enemy's cavalry never again coming to close quarters with its opponents. The French advanced guard halted on the height between La Haye Sainte and La Belle Alliance, and opened a fire from two horse-artillery batteries on the centre of the Duke's line; while Picton, perceiving columns of infantry approaching from La Belle Alliance, placed two batteries in position, and began a brisk cannonade upon the French columns. Here, inclosed between high banks, and unable to retreat, from the great pressure in their rear, the loss was considerable.

It was now twilight. A dark and lowering sky threatened a night of rain, and the heavy ground, cut up with the passage of waggons and cavalry, afforded but a dreary bivouac. Picquets were hastily thrown out on either side; and to such a pitch had the spirit of mutual defiance risen that several skirmishes occurred during the night between cavalry and patrols—productive, it is true, of no useful result to either side, but distinguished on both, by bravery and heroism.

The masterly manner in which the retreat from Quatre-Bras to Waterloo was effected, will ever remain a model for operations of this nature, while the regularity and precision with which each brigade assumed the position assigned it on the field, has never been surpassed, and well justifies the observation of our author, that the manœuvres more resembled the movements of a field day, upon a grand scale, than the operations of an army in the actual presence of an enemy.

Scarcely had the line of videttes and picquets been established, and the last gun boomed from the heights, when the thunder pealed forth, accompanied by flashes of vivid lightning, and a rain that descended in torrents. In a moment all was dark as midnight over that great plain, destined to become celebrated in history to the remotest ages.

We have now brought our readers to the great event of the campaign, having probably dwelt with, what may appear to have been, an undue prolixity on the minor events which characterised its opening. We have done this, however, for two special reasons. In the first place, if less attractive to the reader, and consequently to the writer, than the narrative of that glorious victory, which has placed the military glory of our nation as second to none in Europe, it was also less generally known and understood. The battle of Waterloo, in its engrossing interest, had swallowed up all memory of every preliminary step, and no thought was given to that series of rapid and admirable manœuvres by which the field became eventually chosen whereon to decide the future fortunes of the world.

And secondly, because every minute portion of these two days' strategy tends powerfully to prove with what admirable foresight the Duke of Wellington, not only divined the plans and intentions, but the very spirit of his adversary's warfare, and how ably his own dispositions were made to counteract and oppose them.

That this latter portion of our task is not, as it well might be, gratuitous, the allusions we have already made to the charge of surprise alleged against his Grace, will clearly show. That such an accusation has nothing to substantiate it, save the suddenness of movements made to counteract equally sudden attacks; or the mere supposition of certain contingencies which might have, but did not occur, and for which, if occurring, there is no reason to believe the Duke unprepared, any candid reader of this history will readily acknowledge.

The Duke of Wellington having seen his troops take up the position assigned to them, returned to the village of Waterloo for the night. There too the different general officers and others of his staff were lodged. Their names written in chalk on the doors, marked out the quarters of many who were to live in history, when of the village itself no trace shall remain. The house occupied by the Duke is about the middle of the little street of which the village consists, and is a small unpretending edifice, on the right going from Brussels. The writer of this notice, when visiting the spot some years since, in company with a near relative of his Grace, asked if the story were true which is current concerning the difficulty of awaking the Duke on the morning of the 18th, and was told that it was perfectly correct. Lord Fitzroy Somerset finding the door locked, and no reply given to frequent summonses to awake, was actually about to break it open, when the Duke appeared half dressed at it, and asked in the coolest manner, if any thing important had occurred. Such was the perfect sang froid and self-possession of him on whom the fate of Europe was then hanging. From this humble quarter he addressed two letters, one to the Duc de Berri, recommending the course to be adopted by the king in the event of the enemy's advance on Brussels, the other to the governor of Antwerp, with directions for putting that fortress in a state of siege, and taking every precaution for the safety of the king and his followers.

There is an expression in the former, which may well be recorded here, confirmatory as it is both of his confidence and his foresight. It is thus his Grace addressed the Duc de Berri—"J'espère, et plus, j'ai toute raison de croire, que tout ira bien, mais il faut tout prévoir, et on ne veut pas de grandes pertes."

Let us now return to the morning of the battle. The night of the 17th was one of incessant rain; the thunder rolled almost without an interval from night-fall till daybreak, and the field of Waterloo presented a dreary waste, where the watch-fires burned few and dimly.

As morning dawned, the two armies might be seen occupying the two opposite lines of heights which bounded the plain, a distance of no greater width than from 1,000 to 1,500 yards separating them. The first movement to be remarked, was in the plain beneath, where the officers in command of the picquets were withdrawing the sentries and videttes, and concentrating their detachments more within the range of their respective armies. Meanwhile the drying and cleaning of arms became general along the heights, and the continuous discharge of musketry fell upon the ear like the rattle of a brisk and widely extended skirmish. As the morning advanced, the heavy clouds lifted from the earth, formed into one dense opaque mass above the plain, where, like a huge vault, they hung during the entire day—the very rays of the sun excluded until the last moment of the conflict, when the full blaze of his splendour burst out, and shed a flood of glorious light upon the glittering ranks of the advancing British.

As the time sped on, the rolling of drums was heard, accompanied by the call of bugles and the hoarse bay of trumpets, while the tremulous earth qua-

vered beneath the heavy roll of great guns moving to their position in front; staff-officers were seen galloping in various directions, and the muster-roll and tellings off of the different brigades, gave an air of bustle and preparation to the scene.

Although there may be few of our readers, in this age of travel and tour, who have not visited the field of Waterloo themselves, yet even to them the recapitulation of the circumstances of the ground may not be uninteresting, while to others, an accurate knowledge of the position is essential to the comprehension of the great events of which it was the scene. For this purpose we cannot do better than extract from the work before us:—

"The field of Waterloo was intersected by two high roads (*chaussées*) conspicuous by their great width and uniformity, as also by the pavement which runs along the centre of each. These two roads, the eastern one leading from Charleroi and Genappe, and the western from Nivelles, form a junction at the village of Mont St. Jean, whence their continuance, in one main road, is directed upon the capital of Belgium. In front of the above junction, and offering, as it were, a natural military position for the defence of this approach to Brussels, a gently elevated ridge of ground is intersected, at right angles, by the Charleroi road, about 250 yards north of the farm called La Haye Sainte, and follows a westerly direction until about midway between the two high roads, whence it takes a south-westerly course, and terminates abruptly at its point of intersection with the Nivelles road, about 450 yards north of Hougomont, a country-seat, with farm, offices, gardens, orchards, and wood. On the east side, the ridge extends itself perpendicularly from the Charleroi road until it reaches a point, distant about 700 yards, where, elevating itself into a mound or knoll, it overlooks the hamlet of Papelotte, and thence, taking a north-easterly course, expands into an open plateau. This ridge constituted the position of the first line of the Duke of Wellington's army, which line is more distinctly defined by a road, entering on the east side, from Wavre, by Ohain, and winding along the summit of the ridge until it joins the Charleroi road just above La Haye Sainte, from which point of junction a cross road proceeds along the remaining portion of the ridge, and thus connects the two high roads with each other."

The Duke's position was then the crest or rather the reverse slope of that line of heights marked out by the cross road, which from Wavre and Ohain intersects the great road to Nivelles and Charleroi. On his extreme left lay the small village of La Haye, a few straggling houses half hid in a low scrub wood, the farmhouse of Papelotte being the most conspicuous object among them. His right extended to Braine la Leud, to the right of Hougomont, which occupied a position in the plain about 450 yards in advance of the Duke's first line. La Haye Sainte, a farmhouse of considerable size, lay at the right side of the road leading from Brussels to Charleroi, and much nearer to the Anglo-Allied line than Hougomont. The space between these two points, not exceeding three-quarters of a mile, was the scene of the most desperate struggles of the day.

Vivian's light cavalry-brigade, comprising the 10th and 18th hussars, and the 1st hussars of the German legion, occupied the extreme left. Some Nassau troops being stationed in the village and farm-house of Papelotte. On Vivian's right were Vandeleur's light cavalry—11th, 12th, and 16th British light dragoons. Next to them came Vincke's Hanoverian brigade, forming the extreme left of the main infantry line. On their right again were Best's Hanoverians, with a foot-artillery battery, most advantageously placed on a height. On the exterior slope, and front of the cross-road, were Bylandt's Dutch brigade, while on the interior slope, and farther to the right, were Pack's, the 9th British brigade—the 8th battalion 1st royals, 1st battalion 42d Highlanders, 2d battalion 44th, and 92d Highlanders. To the right of Pack, and in advance, were the 8th brigade of British infantry, under Kempt; they consisted of the 28th, 32d, 1st battalion 79th, and 1st battalion 95th rifles.

In the immediate front of the right of the brigade there was a knoll, having on its right a large sandpit, opening into the Charleroi road, and partially facing the garden of La Haye Sainte, at the opposite side of the road. The sandpit was occupied by two companies of the 1st battalion 95th rifles; the knoll and the hedge above it being held by another company of the same regiment. These two infantry-brigades, the 8th and 9th, with the 5th Hanoverians, constituted the 5th division, under Lieut. General Picton. We come now to the right of the great Charleroi road,—to the 3rd division, Alten's; and first we find Ompteda's German legion; a battalion, under Major Baring, occupying the farm of La Haye Sainte:—

"Since day-break, the little garrison, amounting to scarcely four hundred men, had been busily engaged in strengthening their post to the fullest extent of the means within their reach, which, however, were extremely limited. Among the difficulties which they had to overcome, it may be remarked that, on the preceding evening, immediately after taking possession of the farm, the soldiers had broken up the great barn-door, on the west side, for fire-wood; and that, about the same period, the carpenters of the regiment were detached to Hougomont, in compliance with an order received to that effect. Unfortunately, also, the mule, laden with the regimental trenching tools, had been lost the day before, so that not even a hatchet was forthcoming. Leap-holes were pierced through the walls, and a barricade was thrown across the high road, in prolongation of the south wall. The battalion was composed of six companies, of which Major Baring posted three in the orchard, two in the buildings, and one in the garden."

On Ompteda's right were Kielmansegge's Hanoverians, from which again we come on the 5th British (Halkett's) brigade—2d battalion 30th, 1st battalion 33rd, 2d battalion 69th, and 2d battalion 73rd British. On Halkett's right came the guards, under Cooke and Maitland; with the Coldstreams, and the 8th regiment of foot guards, farther to the right, under Sir John Byng, resting on the crest of the ridge, above the Nivelles road, and overlooking Hougomont, to the troops in which, they acted as a reserve.

Hougomont itself was held by the 2d Nassau regiment, some Hanoverian rifles, and a detachment of Kielmansegge's brigade, with the British guards in the orchard:—

"The principal dwelling-house or chateau of Hougomont was a substantial brick building, of a square form. Adjoining its north-east angle was the farmer's house, the east end of which abutted on the great garden; and in the angle between this house and the chateau was a narrow tower, of the same height as the latter, to which its interior served as a staircase. At the south-east corner of, and communicating with, the chateau, stood a very little chapel. On the north, or British side of the chateau, was a spacious farm-yard, bounded on the west by a large barn and a shed, and on the east by cow-houses and stabling adjoining the garden. There was a continuation of the stabling along the north side, and a gate-way; and near the centre of the yard there was a draw-well, of which the superstructure formed a dove-cot. On the south, or French side of the chateau, and inclosing the latter, was a court-yard, of which a barn on the west, the gardener's house, some stables, and other offices, on the

south, and the garden wall on the east, formed the boundaries. There was a communication between the court and the farm-yard, by means of a doorway in the small portion of wall connecting the chateau with the great barn, and through the whole length of the latter building there was a carriage-way leading from the one court into the other. A gateway, passing through a portion of the gardener's house, led out from the court-yard to the south or French side, and from this gate a narrow road conducted across the open space between the buildings and the wood, through which it took its course in the same direction until it gained the fields beyond the inclosures. There was also a pathway from this road, commencing at the corner of the little garden, and traversing the wood in the direction of the south-east angle of the general boundary of the inclosures, whence it continued towards La Belle Alliance. The approach to Hougomont from the Nivelles road was lined, nearly as far as the chateau, by fine tall elms; it conducted to the gate of the farm-yard facing the British line, and, sweeping along the west side, it led also to the south gate of the court-yard. On the east side of the buildings was a large garden, laid out with all the formality which characterises the Flemish style. It was inclosed on the south and east sides by a high brick wall, and on the north side, facing the British line, by a hedge. Adjoining the east side of the garden, but considerably wider and longer than the latter, was the large orchard, and along the north side was the smaller orchard—the latter bounded by a hedge and hollow-way, and the former inclosed within high and compact hedges, partially lined by a ditch on the inner side. A prolongation of the southern hedge of the great orchard formed the boundary of the wood facing the south garden-wall, and in the narrow space between these two boundaries was a row of apple-trees, which, together with the hedge, served to conceal, in a great measure, the garden-wall from the view of an enemy approaching through the wood. There was a small garden in front of the gardener's house, formed by the continuation of the south garden-wall until it met another wall issuing perpendicularly from the south gateway leading out of the court-yard. There were two inclosures on the west side, of which one served as a kitchen-garden. The wood extended in length, southward, about three hundred and fifty yards, and its greatest width was about two hundred and eighty yards. It was bounded on the west by another orchard, and on the east by two large inclosures, of which the one nearest the great orchard was a grass-field, fenced with hedges, and lined by a ditch on the inner side.

"Although the site of the buildings of Hougomont was but slightly elevated above the valley, which, as already remarked, winds along the south and west inclosures, there was a gradual but uninterrupted ascent of the ground from thence as far as the eastern portion of the fence which divides the two inclosures, beyond the great orchard, where it attained a height not much inferior to that of either the French or Allied front lines, between which it was centrally situated. On the south or French side of that hedge, the ground inclined at first gently, and then rapidly into the valley; but on the west, throughout the extent of the wood, and on the north or Allied side, across the great orchard, the descent was every where very gradual.

"Such was Hougomont—a decidedly important point in the field of battle, from its prominent position in the immediate front of the right of the British line, and rendered ever memorable by the truly heroic and successful stand maintained throughout the day by the troops allotted for its defence."

[To be Continued.]

PERILS OF BUFFALO HUNTING.

The most interesting hunter's story I have ever heard was told me by our host, Mr. Percival, who has followed the forest chase from his youth. In 1807 he was on a trapping expedition with two companions on the Washita, when they left him to kill buffalo, bear, and the larger game, and he remained to trap the streams for beaver. He had not met with very good success, and had been without meat about twenty-four hours, when, turning a small bend of the river, he espied a noble-looking old male buffalo lying down on the beach. Having secured his canoe, he crept softly through a corn-brake, which lay between the animal and himself, and fired. The shot was an indifferent one, and only wounded the animal in the side, but it roused him, and having crossed the river, he soon laid down again. This was about noon, when the animal, having grazed, was resting himself in a cool place. Percival now crossed the river also in his canoe, and got into the woods, which were there very open, and somewhat broken by little patches of prairie land, a very frequent occurrence in these parts of Arkansas, where forest and prairie often seem to be contending for the mastery. But the bull being suspicious, rose before the hunter came near enough to him, and took to the open woods. Percival was an experienced hunter; he had killed several hundred buffaloes, and knew their tempers in every sort of situation. He knew that the animal, when in large herds, was easily mastered, and was well aware that when alone he was sometimes dogged and even dangerous; he therefore followed his prey cautiously for about a mile, knowing that he would lie down again ere long. The buffalo now stopped, and Percival got within fifty yards of him, watching an opportunity to strike him mortally; but the beast, seeing his enemy so near, wheeled completely round, put his huge shaggy head close to the ground before his fore feet, as is their custom when they attack each other, and rapidly advanced upon the hunter, who instantly fired, and put his ball through the bull's nose; but seeing the temper the beast was in, and knowing what a serious antagonist he was when on the offensive, he also immediately turned and fled.

In running down a short hill, some briars threw him down, and he dropped his gun. There was a tree not far from him of about eighteen inches diameter, and every thing seemed to depend upon his reaching it; but as he rose to make a push for it, the buffalo struck him on the fleshy part of the hip with his horn and slightly wounded him. Before, however, the beast could wheel round upon him again, he gained the tree, upon which all the chance he had of preserving his life rested. A very few feet from this tree grew a sapling, about four or five inches in diameter, a most fortunate circumstance for the hunter, as it contributed materially to save his life. The buffalo now doggedly followed up his purpose of destroying his adversary, and a system of attack and defence commenced that, perhaps, is without a parallel. The buffalo went round and round the tree pursuing the man, jumping at him in the peculiar manner of that animal, every time he thought there was a chance of hitting him; whilst Percival, grasping the tree with his arms, flung himself round it with greater rapidity than the eye could follow him. In this manner the buffalo harassed him more than four hours, until his hands became so sore with rubbing against the rough bark of the oak tree, and his limbs so fatigued, that he began to be disheartened.

In going round the tree, the buffalo would sometimes pass between it and the sapling; but the distance between them was so narrow, that it inconvenienced him, especially when he wanted to make his jumps: he therefore frequently went round the sapling instead of going inside of it. The time thus

consumed was precious to Percival; it enabled him to breathe, and to consider how he should defend himself.

After so many hours' fruitless labour, the bull seemed to have lost his pristine vigour, and became slower in his motions: he would now make his short start, preparatory to his jump, only at intervals; and even then he jumped doubtfully, as if he saw that Percival would avoid his blow by swinging to the other side. It was evident he was baffled, and was considering what he should do. Still continuing in his course round the tree, but in this slow manner, he at length made an extraordinary feint that does honour to the reasoning powers of the buffalo family. He made his little start as usual, and when Percival swung himself round, the bull, instead of aiming his blow in the direction he had been accustomed to do, suddenly turned to the side of the tree where Percival would be brought when he had swung himself round, and struck with all his might. The feint had almost succeeded: Percival only just saved his head, and received a severe contusion on his arm, which was paralysed for an instant. He now began to despair of saving his life, his limbs trembled under him, he thought the buffalo would wear him out, and it was so inexpressibly painful to him to carry on this singular defence, that at one time he entertained the idea of leaving the tree, and permitting the animal to destroy him, as a mode of saving himself from pain and anxiety that were intolerable.

But the buffalo, just at that time giving decided symptoms of being as tired as himself, now stopped for a few minutes, and Percival took courage. Remembering that he had his butcher's knife in his breast, he took it out, and began to contrive plans of offence; and when the bull, having rested awhile, recommenced his old rounds, Percival took advantage of the slowness of his motions, and using a great deal of address and management, contrived, in the course of half an hour, to stab and cut him in a dozen different places. The animal now became weak from loss of blood, and although he continued to walk round the tree, made no more jumps, contenting himself with keeping his head and neck close to it. This closed the conflict, for it enabled Percival to extend his right arm, and give him two deadly stabs in the eyes. Nothing could exceed the frantic rage of the unwieldy animal when he had lost his sight; he bellowed, he groaned, he pawed the ground, and gave out every sign of conscious ruin and immitigable fury; he leaned against the sapling for support, and twice knocked himself down by rushing with his head at the large tree. The second fall terminated this strange tragic combat, which had now lasted nearly six hours. The buffalo had not strength to rise, and the conqueror, stepping up to him, and lifting up his high shoulder, cut all the flesh and ligaments loose, and turned it over his back. He then, after resting himself a few minutes, skinned the beast, took a part of the meat to his canoe, made a fire, broiled and ate it.

Featherstonhaugh's Excursion.

TRADITIONS OF CHISWICK AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The name of Chiswick is so intimately associated with the Duke of Devonshire's villa, that the mind instantly reverts from the one to the other. This villa, which was built by the famous Earl of Burlington, is no less celebrated for the beauty of its Italian architecture, its galleries of art, and the picturesque distribution of its grounds, than for the events of which it has been the scene. In 1814, the Duke of Devonshire entertained here Alexander of Russia, the King of Prussia, their suites, and a large party of the English aristocracy. Last Saturday, the Duke of Devonshire entertained in the same pavilion Nicholas of Russia, the King of Saxony, the Prince-Consort of England, and a no less distinguished gathering of the nobility. In these very chambers, consecrated to taste and hospitality, two of our great statesmen expired—Fox and Canning!

Close to this villa lived and died, at a great age, in the beginning of the last century, one of the daughters of Oliver Cromwell. This lady was Mary, Countess of Falconberg, and the house in which she resided has undergone very little alteration, and is still known as Sutton Court, lying in the shadow of the Duke's tiny demesne, remote from the high road, and approachable only by a private road, which makes the circuit of the park and gardens. Here, too, close at hand, is a house, which was lately said to be haunted, in consequence of numerous mysterious fractures of the windows, which the police in vain endeavoured to trace; and not far off the ruins of a house which *ought* to be haunted, if ghost favours went by haggard appearances.

Pursuing the path of the river westward towards Kew, you drop suddenly upon a patch of houses on the bank side, consisting, for the most part, of small tenements, with two or three larger ones; and one mansion in particular, which has quite a grand air in that simple neighbourhood. This little place is called Strand-on-the-Green, a rural name, from which the original character of the district may be inferred; for this tiny hamlet once nestled in the bosom of the fields which filled up the whole space between the river and the high road—now all walled in and shut up. In one of the principal houses lived Zoffany, the painter, who died there in 1810. But the great mansion—is there any special memory connected with that? A great memory—no less than that of the immortal and facetious Joseph Miller, the comedian, the patriarch of whole generations of puns, the most notorious of all verbal wits, who lived and died in this very house. Poor Joe Miller, a wonderful man in his own day, but a still more wonderful man in his posthumous fame, would make a grave jest of it in his coffin, in St. Clement Danes, where he is buried, if he knew the uses to which his house has been converted in these latter times. The last tenant was the Marquess of Waterford, who left the possession of it in lustier hands than his own. But let us cross the river, for the air of this spot is not likely to agree with us!

Opposite is the village of Mortlake, distinguished by the residence of two celebrated men—Dr. Dee, the Rosicrucian philosopher, who pretended that he was visited there, in his study, by the angel Uriel; and the no less famous Partridge, the almanack-maker, whom Swift tried hard to convince of his own death. The whole of that side of the river onwards to Kewbridge is associated with a variety of remarkable persons and circumstances; but as we only crossed for a change of air, let us cross back again a little lower down, and disembark under the wall of Chiswick churchyard—a burial-ground which looks like an artificial elevation, packed up and built in for the preservation of plants.

A pleasant, cheerful churchyard it is, glistening with numerous handsome tombs, and as well populated by great London names as any churchyard in England. The first object that attracts your eyes is the tomb of Hogarth, with Garrick's well-known inscription. This is a grand tomb, worthy of the great artist; and in the vault underneath his remains are deposited with those of his wife and her mother, Lady Judith Thornhill. This association in the grave of those who were united in life is solemnly affecting, and makes a deeper impression than the flattering epitaph on the gleaming marble.

Holland, the tragedian, is also buried here, and has a marble tablet in the church, with an inscription upon it detailing his talents and his virtues, also

written by Garrick, and *italicised* in his usual stage style. Oliver Cromwell's daughter also sleeps here; and Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland; and Kent, the famous landscape gardener, under whose superintendence the Duke of Devonshire's villa was built; and Dr. Griffith's, the original editor of the *Monthly Review*; and Dr. Rose, one of the earliest and ablest of its contributors; and Ralph, the political writer; and poor Ugo Foscolo, the Italian poet and critic; and the Duchess of Somerset; and the Earl of Macartney; and a hundred others, lords and ladies, and people of genius of greater or lesser celebrity.

One of the most remarkable tenants of this city of the dead is Louthborough, the artist, who lived on the mall near the river, where he died about thirty years ago. Louthborough was the first person who introduced animal magnetism into England; and it is yet in the recollection of many persons resident in the neighbourhood, that his house used to be continually and numerously frequented by the nobility and gentry; and that cavalcades of carriages choked up the passage to it from the high road, from an early hour in the morning till late in the evening. Louthborough was one of the prominent men of his time, and filled a much larger space in the public attention than his legacies to the world would appear to justify.

Hogarth, who lived not far from the old church, does not appear to have made half so much noise in this neighbourhood as Louthborough. But Hogarth lived in retirement, and devoted himself to the study of his art and of mankind, while Louthborough was entertaining the lieges, and filling his pockets by scientific jugglery. Hogarth's house still stands, and is known by his name. Sometimes it is called the "Cheese House," on account of its odd shape, for it looks exactly like one of those awkward, oblong, irregular wedges of cheese which you see sometimes in the windows of the shops. The house abuts upon the Duke's grounds, standing in an out-of-the-way lane, to which you cannot make your way, unless you are well acquainted with the local geography. Very little is known of Hogarth's life in this place—he lived so unostentatiously and so completely apart from the world. At the end of the garden, there is a sort of tumble down summer-house, which he is said to have used as a painting-room; and at the distance of a stone's-throw from this house, there is a "wayside hostelry," a low-browed, compact "public," squeezed in amongst trees, and hay-ricks, and dingy sheds, where Hogarth is said to have been in the habit of smoking his pipe of an evening. And this is all that is preserved by tradition of the "great painter of mankind" in the locality where he lived, died, and is buried!

The celebrated "Chiswick press," to which so many poets and fine writers owe their "rivulets of type and meadows of margin," ought not to be forgotten in a visit to this memorable scene. The printing-office stands on the bank of the river—a wide-spread, ancient house, presenting to the town author the strangest possible combination of country healthiness and metropolitan labour. The breath from the water does not spoil the industry of the printers. They work here just as anxiously as they work everywhere else; but we can hardly help thinking that much of the beauty and care which is observable in the productions of this press may be referred to the stillness of the scene, which leaves the compositors ample leisure to execute their tasks with the requisite accuracy and precision.

Not far from this range of printing-offices, at the eastern termination of Hammersmith-terrace, is a small waterside coffee-house—that is to say, a house which is still called, out of reverend habit, the Dove Coffee-house; but which is more properly a licensed establishment for the sale of wine and spirituous liquors, with a small terrace-garden and arbours of trees hanging over the edge of the river, with which it communicates by a fall of three or four steps, grandiloquently designated "the Dove Stairs." The Dove is a wonderfully small, cosy, happy-looking house. On a fine day, all the doors and windows are thrown open, and the wind courses through the rooms, and the sunshine glides in and dances round the decanters and glasses, to the evident delight of the lively family who sit in the broad light round their hospitable board, which seems to invite the passer-by, through a conscious sense of its good cheer. Now this Dove house would be nothing very remarkable in itself, except that it seems to start up out of the earth in a nook where you would never think of looking for a house—it would be nothing, this merry little public, were it not consecrated by a memory which hardly anybody has taken the trouble to preserve, and which certainly the people of the Dove are wholly innocent of all knowledge of. And that memory is neither more nor less than the memory of Thomson, the poet, who in this very house, or rather under the stumpy, old, clustering, carved, cramped trees, that have been compelled, year after year, into the agony of forming, not natural, but unnatural arbours, wrote a considerable portion of his "Seasons." Thomson lived in Kew-foot-lane, some miles higher up the river, and used frequently to walk from town, and rest half way at the Dove, where he would seat himself to gaze upon the flats at the opposite side of the river, and add fresh images to Winter. And it was here, too, he caught that last fatal cold which terminated his life. He was heated, and sat out here in the cool evening air, and so carried home with him the seeds of his final malady.

The Dove is totally unaware of its immortality; and the worst of it is, that it has not even the aspect of a house likely to profit much from the curiosity of the vulgar, who, if they knew the history of the place, would probably crowd its rooms and benches.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ITALIAN.

ARREST OF THE ABBÉ BARTHELEMY.*

Although a sense of prudence made me keep as much as possible aloof from the terrible struggles which took place in Paris during 1793, yet, for the sake of personal safety, I found it necessary to join the club of the Jacobins and also that of the Cordeliers. I seldom, however, took part in the debates carried on in these clubs, and when I did, invariably took the side of the constitutional party amongst the Jacobins, and against the Duke of Orleans's faction in the Cordeliers.

In the previous year (1792), my preceptor, Condorcet, being completely absorbed in politics, was unable to continue his instructions; but kindly transferred me to the care of the celebrated Abbé Barthelemy, who, though in his seventy-sixth year, was still in full possession of his brilliant faculties. Two hours of every morning were usefully and delightfully passed by me in listening to the instructions of this profound scholar and agreeable teacher. While the revolutionary storm raged without, we were peacefully enjoying the beauties of the classic poets and historians in the retirement of his study.

On the 2d of September 1793, I took my usual lesson. The Abbé was dissecting and explaining the true signification of a disputed passage in Thucydides, when an unusual noise was heard at the door of the room, and present!

* Author of the *Travels of the younger Anacharsis in Greece*.

two strangers made their appearance. They were, in fact, officers of the revolutionary tribunal, followed by about half a dozen of the rabble. A warrant (*Mandet d'arrêt*), signed by the too celebrated public accuser, Fouquier-Tinville, was put into the hands of my venerable and bewildered preceptor. It summoned him to appear immediately before the Committee of Public Safety; and I was ordered by the officers to accompany him. It was nearly eleven o'clock, the rain was pouring down in torrents, and I intreated some consideration in behalf of my aged master; but the request that a fiacre should be provided was met with sneers and abusive threats, and we were dragged through a deluge to our destination. This was a dungeon in which we were lodged previous to our examination. It happened, fortunately as I thought for us, that Fouquier-Tinville, the much-dreaded public prosecutor, was under some obligation to me. Having sprung from very humble parents, he was at one time extremely poor, and existed in a most wretched condition by contributing trifling pieces, chiefly poetical, to periodicals. Having no very high character for honesty, and being, moreover, a gambler, he lived in concealment from the dread of creditors. During the years 1788 and 1789 I had more than once saved him from a prison, by forwarding him pecuniary aid through the editor of the "*Mercur de France*." As I always replied to his applications for assistance by letter, I had never seen him but once, and that was when he became a member of the Convention; and on that occasion he pointedly expressed his gratitude to me for my former kindness, assuring me, that, should it ever be in his power to serve me in any way, he would do so. These cheering facts I communicated to my aged companion the moment we were left alone. They had not, however, the effect of raising his hopes; he expected, he said, no mercy at the hands of Fouquier-Tinville, and although he had never conspired against the republic in any manner whatever, yet he expected no less than to be sent to the guillotine like the hundreds of innocent persons who had been already massacred. "But you, my young friend," he added, with tears in his eyes, "may possibly be spared. Take warning, then, from this danger, and make your escape from this unhappy land as soon as possible. You are known to be wealthy, and who knows but our tyrants, to possess themselves of your wealth, may make you an early victim upon some new and frivolous charge they may bring against you." While the venerable Abbé was addressing me, an usher entered and conducted us to the dreaded tribunal.

Fouquier-Tinville was dressed in the red uniform of the *sans-culotte* party, and bore in his hand the famous red cap. On the desk beside which he stood were placed two emblems of the dreadful uncertainty in which Frenchmen then lived—a pair of horse pistols. Three commissioners of the revolutionary tribunal were ranged on the right hand side of the prosecutor, while a clerk was ready at the desk to note down our examination or *procès-verbal*. As soon as Fouquier recognised me he appeared rather surprised, and addressing me by name, asked, "Why art thou before us?" "Because," I answered, "I was found in company with the Abbé Barthelemy, who is my tutor." "But dost thou not know that he is an aristocrat and a conspirator?" rejoined Fouquier. I replied, that having for many months passed two hours daily in his company, I had good reason to know that he was nothing of the kind. As it was found, after some consideration, that at least I could not be implicated, my immediate release was ordered. The Abbé was sent to the *conciergerie*, that some inquiries might be made into the character of the person who had denounced him, concerning the honesty of whose motives some doubt had arisen.

The first use I made of my liberty was to solicit an audience of the public accuser, and my request was promptly granted. As I write more than half a century from the period at which this incident occurred, and nearly as long from the well-deserved execution of Fouquier, I can have no party to conciliate, and no end to answer except that of truth. This obliges me to state that—monster of falsehood and ferocious cruelty as this man unquestionably proved himself in his public capacity—he received me on this occasion with great kindness, and even appeared greatly pleased that it lay in his way to serve me. My object was of course to plead for my falsely-accused preceptor, to learn the particulars of the accusation, and the name of the accuser. It turned out that the individual who had denounced the Abbé was one of the officers of the national library, in which Barthelemy held the post of under librarian, and that in all likelihood the accusation was made from personal motives; the subordinate having recently received a reprimand for misconduct, accompanied by a threat of eventual dismissal in case his conduct were repeated. This man Fouquier promised to summon before him, and endeavour to get at the exact truth of the matter. Meanwhile, he advised me to interest Carra, the chief librarian, and the Abbé's official superior, in his favor. I lost no time, therefore, in obtaining an introduction to Carra through Madame Talien, one of his most intimate friends.

Though Carra was a terrorist, and a commissioner of the revolutionary tribunal, he was a well-informed man, and had the character of being a lover of justice and fair play. I stated the case to him, and intreated him to use his influence in obtaining a delay in bringing the Abbé to trial, so that time might be afforded for inquiring into the truth of the accusation, and of the motives which led the library subordinate to make it. Carra promised to use all his influence in favor of his venerable colleague.

Happily my exertions were rewarded, and my apprehensions for the safety of my instructor were but of short duration. The person who denounced the accused was examined by Carra and Fouquier, and they soon discovered that his evidence was not to be relied on, for he had acted solely from motives of personal revenge. I was sent for at about seven o'clock on the same day, and obtained an order addressed to the jailer of the *conciergerie* for the "immediate liberation of citizen Barthelemy." The haste with which I fulfilled my errand, and the joy with which I embraced my old preceptor, it is only possible to imagine. By eight o'clock on the same evening the Abbé again found himself in his apartment in the Rue Richelieu, receiving the congratulations of all those who had heard of his liberation. The shock, however, which the danger he had escaped communicated to his aged frame, he never wholly recovered; and from that day his spirits and bodily strength declined. I now ceased to be his pupil; but, till his death in 1795, I continued to visit him frequently, both for the benefit of his conversation, and as a tribute of respect for his great acquirements and private virtues.

EDUCATION—Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's nod of approbation, or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handfulls of flowers in green dells, on hills and daisy meadows—with bird's nests admired, but not touched—with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmets—with humming bees and glass beehives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes—and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the sense of all good, to God himself.

Frazer's Magazine.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drowned! drowned!"—HAMLET.

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully;
Gently and humanly:
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of her's,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of her's,
Oozing so clammyly.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home!

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still and a near one
Yet, than all other?

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home, she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed;
Love by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence;

Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch
Of the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Any where, any where
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran.—
Over the brink of it.
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,—
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity;
Into her rest,—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Savior!
Hood's Mag.

NAPOLÉON AT ST. HELENA.

Recollections of the Emperor Napoleon during the first three years of his Captivity in St. Helena, &c. By Mrs. Abell (late Miss E. Balcombe), pp. 244. London, J. Murray.

As steel brought into contact with the magnet becomes itself magnetic and attractive, so would it seem has the life of Mrs. Abell become romantic in consequence of contact with that vast impersonation of romance, Napoleon Bonaparte. Pleased should we be to state that it had not also borne a resemblance to his misfortunes; but such we fear has been the case, which makes us the more earnest in our recommendation of this volume to the public. By its patronage a balm will be laid to wounds of no slight suffering, and hard for even female fortitude to endure; and it is possible that the auspicious introduction of a fair and accomplished daughter to the musical world may, in some measure, be promoted by the encouragement which talent and virtue so forcibly claim. Tenderly and delicately educated in the house of her father, Mr. Balcombe, the Briers (ill-omened name), where Bonaparte resided for a season, in St. Helena, till his own abode was prepared for his reception, the young girl enjoyed singular opportunities for observing the eclipsed sun; and her frankness and playfulness appear to have made her quite a little companion to divers his sombre reflections and elicit ebullitions of his more natural disposition. No longer the hero, the conqueror, the dictator to prostrate monarchs, the petulance of the child was sometimes the only care of his cabinet, and her reconciliation with him the object of his counsels. The stern warrior softened into the gentlest feeling; and the picture is altogether one of extreme interest, where the slightest traits are as worthy of study as the more elaborate paintings of his historical era.

The *New Monthly Magazine* having already partially enjoyed the privilege of publishing some of Mrs. Abell's *Recollections*, we shall endeavour in our selections from the present work to choose what is more new than the *New Monthly Magazine*.

The emperor in the course of the evening desired a quantity of bijouterie to be brought down to amuse us; amongst other things the miniature of the king of Rome. He seemed gratified and delighted when we expressed our admiration of them. He possessed a great many portraits of young Napoleon. One of them represented him sleeping in his cradle, which was in the form of a helmet of Mars; the banner of France waved over his head, and his tiny right hand supported a small globe. I asked the meaning of these emblems; and Napoleon said he was to be a great warrior, and the globe in his hand sig-

nified that he was to rule the world. Another miniature, on a snuff-box, represented the little fellow on his knees before a crucifix, his hands clasped and his eyes raised to heaven. Underneath were these words: 'Je prie le bon Dieu pour mon pere, ma mere, et ma patrie.' It was an exquisite thing. Another portrayed him with two lambs, on one of which he was riding, while the other he was decking out with ribbons. The emperor told us these lambs were presented to his son by the inhabitants of Paris. An unwarlike emblem, and perhaps intended as a delicate hint to the emperor to make him a more peaceable citizen than his papa. The paschal lamb, however, is, I believe, the badge on the colours of a distinguished English regiment, and perhaps may be intended to remind the soldier that gentleness and mercy are not inconsistent with the fiercer and more lionlike attributes of his profession. We next saw another drawing, in which the empress Maria Louisa and her son were represented, surrounded by a sort of halo of roses and clouds, which I did not admire quite so much as some of the others. Napoleon then said he was going to shew us the portrait of the most beautiful woman in the world, and produced an exquisite miniature of his sister Pauline. Certainly I never saw any thing so perfectly lovely. I could not keep my eyes from it, and told him how enchanted I was with it. He seemed pleased with my praises, and said it was a proof of taste, for she was perhaps one of the most lovely women that ever existed."—"I have often heard wonder expressed at the extent of Napoleon's information on matters of which he would hardly have been expected to know much. On this occasion, a very clever medical man, after a long conversation with the emperor on the subject of his profession, declared his astonishment to my father at the knowledge he possessed, and the clearness and brilliancy with which he reasoned on it, though his theories were sometimes rather heterodox. Napoleon told him he had no faith whatever in medicine, and that his own remedies were starvation and the warm bath. At the same time he professed a higher opinion of the medical, or rather surgical profession, than of any other. The practice of the law, he said, was too severe an ordeal for poor human nature, adding, that he who habituates himself to the distortion of truth, and to exultation at the success of injustice, will at last hardly know right from wrong; so it is, he remarked, with politics, a man must have a conventional conscience. Of the church, also (*les ecclesiastiques*), he spoke harshly, saying that too much was expected from its members, and that they became hypocrites in consequence. As to soldiers, they were cut-throats and robbers, and not the less so because they were ready to send a bullet through your head if you told them your opinion of them. But surgeons, he said, are neither too good nor too bad. Their mission is to benefit mankind, not to destroy, mystify, or inflame them against each other; and they have opportunities of studying human nature as well as of acquiring science."—"Napoleon mentioned that he had once ridden a favourite grey charger one hundred and twenty miles in one day. It was to see his mother, who was dangerously ill, and there were no other means of reaching her. The poor animal died in the course of the night. He said that his own power of standing fatigue was immense, and that he could almost live in the saddle. I am afraid to say how many hours he told me once he had remained on horseback, but I remember being much surprised at his powers of endurance."

"I insisted (her birthday fete) on his tasting a piece of birthday cake, which had been sent for that occasion by a friend from England, and who, little knowing the strict surveillance exercised over all those in any way connected with the fallen chief and his adherents, had the cake ornamented with a large eagle; this, unfortunately for us, was the subject of much animadversion. I named it to Napoleon as an inducement for him to eat the cake, saying, 'It is the least you can do for getting us into such disgrace.' Having thus induced him to eat a thick slice, he pinched my ear, calling me a saucy simpleton, and galloped away humming, or rather attempting to sing, with his most unmusical voice, 'Vive Henri Quatre.'—"Seeing the ex-emperor one day less amiable than usual, and his face very much swollen and inflamed, I inquired the cause, when he told me that Mr. O'Meara had just performed the operation of drawing a tooth, which caused him some pain. I exclaimed, 'What!—you complain of the pain so trifling an operation can give? You, who have passed through battles innumerable, amid storms of bullets whizzing around you, and by some of which you must occasionally have been hit! I am ashamed of you. But, nevertheless, give me the tooth, and I will get it set by Mr. Solomons as an ear-ring, and wear it for your sake.' The idea made him laugh heartily, in spite of his suffering, and caused him to remark, that he thought I should never cut my wisdom teeth;—he was always in extra good humour with himself whenever he was guilty of any thing approaching to the nature of a witticism."

"Napoleon was very anxious about hearing any gossip relative to pic-nics, balls, or parties, that took place at St. Helena."

"The emperor asked me one day whether I was acquainted with Captain Wallis, who commanded the 'Podargus'; and on my replying in the affirmative, he said, somewhat abruptly, 'What does he think of me?' It so happened that, in the case of this officer, the prejudice against Napoleon (and indeed against every thing French, at that time common to all Englishmen,) was sharpened upon the whetstone of painful experience, into the acuteness of rancour and bitter hatred; perhaps the word prejudice is hardly a fit term to apply to that particular mania which then existed,—a feeling which, first instilled into our infant minds by our nurses, grew with our growth, and strengthened with our strength, and until it fully ripened into that settled jealousy which was but too apparent in all the transactions which took place between the individual inhabitants of the hostile countries. It was, therefore, not without the assistance of all my small stock of girlish assurance that I ventured to answer, 'Oh! he has the most abominable opinion of you in the world; he says that you shut him up for ten years in the Temple; and there is no end to the barbarities that he lays to your charge. He declared to us that, on one occasion, they removed him from one cell to another, which had been just vacated by the corpse of a man who had shot himself through the head, and that he met the body on the way. Moreover, his gaolers had not the decency to wash away the dead man's brains, which had been scattered on the wall, but left them there for the special annoyance of the living occupant.' Besides that, he accuses you of nearly starving him: to such an extent did he suffer from want of food, that he and Captain Shaw, a fellow-sufferer, once tore a live duck to pieces, and devoured it like cannibals.' The emperor observed that it was not to be wondered at that Captain Wallis was so inveterate against him, as he was the lieutenant who, together with Wright, had been convicted of landing spies and brigands in his territories, for which they were afterwards reported to have been murdered by his (the emperor's) orders."—"One Sunday morning, Napoleon came bustling in, and seeing me very earnestly employed reading aloud to my sister, asked what I was so intently engaged upon, and why I looked so much graver than usual. I told him I was learning to repeat the collect for the day, and that if I failed in saying it, my father would be very angry."

I remarked, 'I suppose you never learnt a collect or anything religious, for I am told you disbelieve the existence of a God.' He seemed displeased at my observation, and answered, 'You have been told an untruth; when you are wiser you will understand that no one could doubt the existence of a God.' My mother asked him if he was a predestinarian, as reported. He admitted the truth of the accusation, saying, 'I believe that whatever a man's destiny calls upon him to do, that he must fulfil.'—"When we saw Napoleon after this (his first) illness, the havoc and change it had made in his appearance was sad to look upon. His face was literally the colour of yellow wax, and his cheeks had fallen in pouches on either side his face. His ancles were so swollen that the flesh literally hung over his shoes; he was so weak, that without resting one hand on a table near him, and the other on the shoulder of an attendant, he could not have stood. . . . He, however, rallied from this attack, to pass nearly three more years in hopeless misery; for it became more evident to him that the anticipation in which he indulged (on first coming to St. Helena) of quitting the island, became fainter as health declined and time wore on."

"I recollect exhibiting to Napoleon a caricature of him in the act of climbing a ladder; each step he ascended represented some vanquished country; at length he was seated astride upon the world. It was a famous toy; and, by a dexterous trick, Napoleon appeared, on the contrary side, tumbling down head over heels, and, after a perilous descent, alighting on St. Helena. I ought not to have shewn him this burlesque on his misfortunes; but at that time I was guilty of every description of mad action, though without any intention of being unkind; still I fear they were often deeply felt. My father, of whom I always stood in awe, heard of my rudeness, and desired me to consider myself under arrest for at least a week; and I was transferred from the drawing-room to a dark cellar, and there left to solitude and repentance."—"I was taken to my cell every morning, and released at night only to go to bed. The emperor's great amusement during that time was to converse with me through my grated window; and he generally succeeded in making me laugh by mimicking my dolorous countenance."—"There was a lady, the wife of an officer in the 66th regiment, a Mrs. Baird, who sang and played very well; among her favourite songs was a monody upon the Duke d'Enghien. I learned this, and sang it to Napoleon one day at Madame Bertrand's. He was pleased with the air, and asked me what it was. I shewed it to him: there was a vignette on the cover of the music, representing a man standing in a ditch, with a bandage round his eyes, and a lantern tied to his waist; in front of him several soldiers, with their muskets levelled in the act of firing. He asked what it meant. I told him it was intended to represent the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. He looked at the print with great interest, and asked me what I knew about it. I told him he was considered the murderer of that illustrious prince. He said, in reply, it was true, he had ordered his execution, for he was a conspirator, and had lauded troops in the pay of the Bourbons to assassinate him; and he thought from such a conspiracy, he could not act in a more politic manner than by causing one of their own princes to be put to death, in order the more effectually to deter them from attempting his life again; that the prisoner was tried for having borne arms against the republic, and was executed according to the existing laws; but not, as here represented, in a ditch, and at night. There was nothing secret in the transaction; all was public and open."

With this we conclude our disjointed extracts. The volume is adorned by half a dozen plates from the pencil of Miss Abell, the young lady we have already alluded to as a songstress of sweet and cultivated promise, whom we have heard in private society as a prelude (we were told) to the concert-room. With regard to the author herself, unlike the "Pretty Bessee," her namesake of Bethnal Green, whose travels, we believe extended no farther than to Lea and Romford, she has seen more of the world than has fallen to the lot of many women. She has traversed India and South America, not in a search like that of Calaba, but in one of a more afflictive nature, and ending not in the happy style of novel denouement. To the sympathy of every feeling heart she is eminently entitled; and on every ground we once more earnestly recommend her book.

A NEW EXPLANATION OF OLD SUPERSTITIONS.

The *Polytechnic Magazine* presents, in a recent number, a paper by Dr. Thomas Stone, in which an attempt is made to show the identity of certain extraordinary cases, called witchcraft and demoniacal possession, with the conditions which, in our age, attract attention under the denomination of mesmerism. It appears that, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, such cases were of frequent occurrence in both France and England, and were generally much of one character; that is, an individual, usually of tender age, and most frequently of the tender sex, was found liable to trances and convulsions, during which, in some instances, there was a talking of languages supposed to be unknown to the patient, and, in rarer instances still, an alleged power of telling what was taking place elsewhere, or what would hereafter take place. In some cases, these conditions appeared independent of all external agency; in others, the patient seemed liable to a peculiar influence from a certain person, who accordingly was believed to be practising a malignant and supernatural art. In all instances, there was, to all appearance, an utter insensibility to pain, as well as to pungent and disagreeable odours.

The case of Anne Milner of Chester, in 1564, is described by a report signed by Sir William Calverly, his wife, and other persons of distinction. "We went at about two of the clock, in the afternoon of the same 16th day of February, and there found the maiden in her trances, after her accustomed manner, lying in a bed within the haule, her eyes half shut, half open, looking as she had been agast, never moving either eye or eyelid, her teeth something open, with her tongue doubling between, her face somewhat red, her head as heavy as lead to lift at; there she lay stil as a stone, and feeling her pulse, it beat in as good measure as if she had been in perfite health." The report then describes her becoming violently convulsed. "She lifted herself up in her bed, bending backwards in such order that almost her head and fete met, falling down on the one side, then on the other." A person of the name of Lane, who was reputed to possess great power over demoniacs, is then called in, who first, as the report expresses it, "willed" that she should speak, and then "willed" that she should rise and dress herself, all which she did to the astonishment of the bystanders, and a certificate to that effect was signed by all present on March 8, 1564. "Here it will be perceived," says Dr. Stone, "that the theory of volition, or the power of the will on the part of the mesmerist, was fully recognised."

Glanvil, in his well-known book on witchcraft, amply reports the case of Jane Brookes, who suffered for this alleged crime at Charle in 1658. She was indicted for bewitching a boy named Richard Jones, whose paroxysms were certified by many witnesses. "The boy," says Glanvil, "fell into his fits on the

sight of Jane Brookes, and lay in a man's arms like a dead person; the woman was then willed to lay on her hand, which she did, and he thereupon started and sprang out in a very unusual manner. One of the justices, to prevent all possibilities of legerdemain, caused Gibson and the rest to stand off from the boy, and then that justice himself held him; the youth being blindfolded, the justice called as if Brookes should touch him, but winked to others to do it, which two or three successively did; but the boy appeared not concerned. The justice then called on the father to take him, but had privately before desired one, Mr. Geoffrey Strode, to bring Jane Brookes to touch him, at such a time as he should call for his father; which was done, and the boy immediately sprang out after a very odd and violent fashion. He was afterwards touched by several persons, and moved not; but Jane Brookes being again caused to put her hand upon him, he started and sprang up twice, as before. All this while he remained in his fit, and some time after; and being then laid on a bed in the same room, the people present could not for a long time bow either of his arms or legs. In these fits the boy is said to have been able to describe the appearance of Brookes and a sister of hers named Alice, and the clothes they were at the time, although they were living at a distance (the clairvoyance of the mesmerists, according to Dr. Stone).

In the case of Florence Newton, tried at Youghal in 1661, one of the practices of the mesmerists is precisely described. It is stated that, during the trial, when the accuser had closed her evidence, the prisoner looked at her, and made certain motions of her hands towards her, upon which she immediately fell into fits so violent, that all the people that could lay hands upon her could not hold her. "In the year 1696," says Dr. Stone, "a commission was appointed in Scotland by the Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council to inquire into the case of Christian Shaw, daughter of John Shaw, of Bargarran (Renfrewshire). A quorum of these commissioners being met at Bargarran, and the accused persons confronted before Lord Blantyre, the rest of the commissioners, several other gentlemen of note, and ministers, the accused, and, in particular, Catherine Campbell, were examined in the presence of the commissioners. "When they [the accused] severally touched the afflicted girl," says the report, "she was seized with grievous fits, and cast into intolerable agonies; others then present did also touch her, but no such effects followed; and it is remarkable that when Catherine Campbell touched the girl, she was immediately seized with more grievous fits, and cast into more intolerable torments, than upon the touch of other accused persons, whereat Campbell herself being daunted and confounded, though she had formerly declined to bless her, uttered these words:—'The Lord of heaven and earth bless thee, and save thee, both body and soul.' " During these trials, we are informed that the prisoners were called in one by one, and placed about seven or eight feet from the justices, and the accusers then stood between the justice and them. "The prisoners were ordered to stand right before the justices, with an officer appointed to hold each hand lest they should herewith afflict them; and the prisoners' eyes must be constantly on the justices, for if they looked on the afflicted they would either fall into fits, or cry out they were hurt by them."

In the year 1697, Richard Dugdale, a boy, nineteen years of age, excited considerable attention in Surrey as a demoniac; his fits were witnessed and verified by numerous clergymen, physicians, and persons of respectability. His fits commenced with violent convulsions, his sight or eyeballs turned upwards and backwards; he afterwards answered questions, predicted during one fit the period of accession and duration of another fit; spoke in foreign languages, of which at other times he was ignorant, and described events passing at a distance. Here again I shall quote verbatim the words of the narration: "At the end of one fit the demoniac told what hour of the night or day his next would begin, very precisely and punctually, as was constantly observed, though there was no equal or set distance of time between his fits; betwixt which there would be sometimes a few hours, sometimes many; sometimes one day, sometimes many days." "He would have told," says one of the deponents on oath, "when his fits would begin, when they were two or three in one day, or three or four days asunder, wherein he never was, that the deponent knoweth of, disappointed."

On one occasion, while the minister was preaching to him, he exclaimed, "At ten o'clock my next fit comes on." "Though he was never learned in the English tongue, and his natural and acquired abilities were very ordinary, yet when the fit seized him he often spake Latin, Greek, and other languages very well." "He often told of things in his fits done at a distance, whilst those things were a-doing; as, for instance, a woman being afraid to go to the barn, though she was come within a bow's length of it, was immediately sent for by the demoniac, who said, 'Unless that weak-faithed jade come, my fit will last longer.' Some said, let us send for Mr. G.: the demoniac answered, 'He is now upon the hay-cart,' which was found to be true. On another occasion, he told what great distress there was in Ireland, and that England must pay the piper. Again, one going by him to a church meeting, was told by the demoniac in his fit 'Thou needst not go to the said meeting, for I can tell thee the sermon that will be preached there; upon which he told him the text, and much of the sermon that was that day preached.' Lastly, it is certified by two of the deponents that "the demoniac could not certainly judge what the nature of his distemper was, because, when he was out of his fits, he could not tell how it was with him when he was in his fits."

After stating a great number of similar cases of individuals, Dr. Stone adverts to others in which numbers were concerned—as that of the nuns of the Ursuline convent in the city of Loudun in the days of Cardinal Richelieu, who were all violently convulsed, and displayed extraordinary strength, and apparently supernatural knowledge—that of the Convulsionnaires of St. Medard, who exhibited phenomena of the same description at the tomb of the Abbé Paris, &c. He argues very plausibly that all such cases are either analogous to, or identical with, those of mesmerism, and of course form an argument for the reality of the wonders of that science, so far as these are not deceptions. "How these effects," says he, "were produced, whether by exciting the imagination or the fears, or otherwise affecting the nervous system of the afflicted, is not the question at issue; all we have to do with is, the simple fact that such phenomena really were developed, that the report of them is not false, that they were not feigned, but were veritable effects, depending on the operation of causes which were not then, and may not yet be, clearly understood. That they are referrible to some fixed principle, however occult, may be inferred from the very circumstance of their constant uniformity; that is to say, these symptoms of possession have been alike in all parts of the world, although it is manifest there could be no collusion or contrivance between the distant parties which exhibited them, whereby any such agreement could be simulated."

A QUARREL FOR PRECEDENCE—CURIOUS MISSILES.—I recollect having witnessed a ridiculous occurrence when in Galway. I had been invited, with some other officers of my regiment, to the annual entertainment given by a

celebrated sporting community, since defunct, called "The Blazers," and, being all duly assembled, we were in momentary expectation of receiving a summons to the eating-room. Suddenly an uproar was heard within; and the waiter, "with hair erect," rushed into the presence. "What the devil's the matter?" inquired the chairman. "Oh, my lord, my lord!" responded the affrighted attendant; "Come quick, for the love of Jasus, or there will be bloodshed immediately! The servants have fallen out about their rank, and they're murderin' each other wid pickled onions!" Maxwell's Wanderings.

Miscellaneous Articles.

THE RISE AND FALL OF CROCKFORD'S CLUB.

For several years, deep play went on at all these clubs—fluctuating both as to locality and amount—till by degrees it began to flag. It was at a low ebb when Mr. Crockford came to London, and laid the foundation of the most colossal fortune that was ever made by play. He began by taking Watier's old club-house, in partnership with a man named Taylor. They set up a hazard-bank, and won a great deal of money, but quarrelled and separated at the end of the first year. Taylor continued where he was, had a bad year, and broke. Crockford removed to St. James's-street, had a good year, and instantly set about building the magnificent club-house which bears his name. It rose like a creation of Aladdin's lamp; and the geni themselves could hardly have surpassed the beauty of the internal decorations, or furnished a more accomplished *maitre d'hotel* than Ude. To make the company as select as possible, the establishment was regularly organised as a club, and the election of members vested in a committee. "Crockford's" became the rage; and the votaries of fashion, whether they liked to play or not, hastened to enrol themselves. The Duke of Wellington was an original member, though (unlike Blucher, who repeatedly lost every thing he had at play) the great captain was never known to play deep at any game but war or politics. Card-tables were regularly placed, and whist was played occasionally; but the aim, end, and final cause of the whole was the hazard-bank, at which the proprietor took his nightly stand, prepared for all comers. There was a recognised limit, at which (after losing a certain sum) he might declare the bank broke for the night; but he knew his business too well to stop. The speculation, it is hardly necessary to add, was eminently successful. During several years, every thing that any body had to lose and cared to risk, was swallowed up. *Le Wellington des Joueurs* lost £23,000 at a sitting, beginning at twelve at night, and ending at seven the following evening. He and three other noblemen could not have lost less, sooner or later, than a hundred thousand pounds a piece. Others lost in proportion (or out of proportion) to their means; but we leave it to less occupied moralists, and better calculators, to say, how many ruined families went to make Mr. Crockford a millionaire—for a millionaire he was and is, in the English sense of the term, after making the largest possible allowance for bad debts. A vast sum, perhaps half a million, is due to him; but, as he won all his debtors were able to raise, and easy credit was the most fatal of his lures, we cannot make up our minds to condole with him on that amount, frightful though it be. He retired, three or four years ago, much as an Indian chief retires from a hunting-country when there is not game enough left for his tribe; and the club is said to be now tottering to its fall. Edinburgh Review.

A DAINY DISH.

I was one day invited by a djelabi at Denaglé, to a rich breakfast. Having arrived at the appointed time, I was conducted to a seat covered with beautiful carpets, and a pipe and merissa were handed to me. When I observed that no fire was lighted, and that no preparations were being made, I asked where the breakfast was. The djelabi told me it would be ready immediately, and pointed to a sheep, which was running about in the court. I replied, "it will be soon mid-day; I have other business to attend to, and cannot wait until the meat is roasted or boiled." My host assured me, that the breakfast would be ready immediately, and that I should have ample time to attend to my business. My curiosity was now excited to the utmost to know what kind of breakfast he intended to honour me, and I kept my eyes continually on the sheep which was to be sacrificed in honour of my visit; judge, however, of my embarrassment, when a slave, on a signal from his master, quickly decapitated the sheep, ripped up the stomach, took out the stomach, cleaned it, cut it into small pieces, and laying them on a wooden dish, squeezed the gall bladder, as we might a lemon, on the fragments; and, lastly, squeezed a considerable quantity of Cayenne pepper over the whole mass. This being done, I was pressed to help myself quickly before the dish became cool; I sighed, however, and thanking my host, begged to be excused, assuring him that a European stomach could not bear this exquisite dish. He smiled piteously at my fastidiousness, and showed evident symptoms of relishing the delicacy himself. I afterwards frequently observed that this was a favourite dish, and to satisfy my curiosity, was tempted to partake of it; and really the flavour was not very disagreeable, for the gall, in combination with the cayenne, takes away the odour and taste of the raw paunch. Not only in Kordofan, but in Sennar and Abyssinia, is this dish considered a great delicacy. Travels in Kordofan.

A BASQUE DESERTER.

The Basque is bold and brave, and the French armies never had finer soldiers, as far as regarded spirit, than the natives of these countries; but neither did any region produce so many deserters; for the *maladie du pays* is strong upon them, and they take the first opportunity of returning to their home amongst the mountains. This is not confined to the Basque, but occurs to all the mountaineers of Béarn. One instance will show this feeling; the story was related by a guide to the Brèche de Roland, who knew the circumstances. A young man had been forced by the conscription to join Napoleon's army; he was very young at the time, and went through all the dangers, hardships, and privations like a mountaineer and a man of courage; but, as soon as he saw an opportunity, he deserted, and sought the land where all his wishes tended. He was pursued and traced from place to place; but, generally favoured by his friends and assisted by his own ingenuity, he always eluded search, and, with the precaution of never sleeping two nights in the same village, he managed for several years to continue free. He was in love with a young girl, and on one occasion, at a *fête*, had come far over the mountains to dance with her: he was warned by a companion that emissaries had been seen in the neighbourhood; but he determined nothing should interfere with the pleasure he anticipated in leading out the lass he loved. He had a rival, however, in the company, who gave notice to the officers of justice that the deserter would be at the dance; and, accordingly, in the midst of the revel—as they were executing one of those agile dances, called *Le Saut Basque*—the object of the suit became aware, that, amidst the throng, were several persons whom he no difficulty in guessing were his pursuers. They kept their station, and

the path he must take when he left the spot where they were dancing; and he with great presence of mind and determined gallantry, finished the measure with his pretty partner: at the last turn, he looked briskly round, and observing that one of his companions was leaning on a thick stick, he suddenly caught it from his grasp, and, with a leap and run, dashed past the party who were waiting for him, brandishing the weapon over his head, and keeping all off. They were so taken by surprise, that they had no power to detain him; and, the villagers closing round and impeding them as much as possible, the young hero got off to the mountains in safety. He was, however, taken some time after this scene, and carried to Bayonne to be tried, when every one expected that he would meet with capital punishment; but it was found impossible to identify him—no one could be induced to appear against him—and the magistrates, wearied out, at length gave him his discharge; and he returned to live quietly in his village, and marry his love, after having been a hunted man in the woods and mountains for nearly ten years.

Miss Costello's Bearn and the Pyrenees.

BEAU BRUMMELL IN FRANCE.

His mode of life was pretty much the same for twelve or fourteen years at Calais, as it had been in London (difference of place excepted,) though how he managed it, living on charity as he must have done, is difficult to divine. He denied himself no comfort, but was always whining and complaining: the last, indeed, was an addition to his luxuries. After a good dinner from Dessin's, a bottle of Dorchester ale, a liqueur glass of brandy, and a bottle of Bordeaux, he would write to Lord Sefton that he was "lying on straw, and grinning through the bars of a gaol; eating bran bread, my good fellow, eating bran bread." If he could have known how soon he would, in sober sadness, grin through real bars, and lie on veritable straw, it might have made even him serious. The whigs gave him the consulate of Caen in Normandy in 1830. It was worth £400 a year, but he had to assign an annuity of £320 to his Calais creditors before he could have that place, and to content himself with the fiction of supporting his consulate on £80 a year. Of course he was soon enormously in debt: cheating and starving his washerwoman first, as he had done at Calais, for starch continued to be his prime necessity. If any thing could add to the repulsive picture of the man at this time, it would be the doleful Della Cruscan letters he writes to young ladies. He soon loses his consulate and is carried off to prison; and it will depend altogether on temperament whether the reader laughs or cries over his piercing shrieks from between his prison bars, that the pigeon they give him for dinner is a skeleton, that the muton-chops which support it are not larger than half-a-crown, that the biscuits are like a bad halfpenny, that he has but six potatoes, and that the cherries sent him for dessert are positively unripe.—So the man continues to the last. In paralysis, imprisonment, and the apparent neighbourhood of death, his chief anxiety is to get back to his five sous' whist, and his greatest horror to seal a note with a wafer. Charitable supplies from England set him at liberty again, and on certain conditions there is reasonable prospect of charitable support for the rest of his days; but his spirit of self-sacrifice is quite exhausted when he has brought himself down to one complete change of linen daily. He cannot find it in his heart to renounce his primrose gloves, his Eau de Cologne, oil for his wigs, patent blacking for his boots, or an occasional cast of gambling in a lottery. For these luxuries he again runs into debt.—But we have now to note the end. In the winter of 1836 Brummell suddenly appeared in a black cravat. Starch and cambric had made him, and their absence denoted his ruin. His wits had begun to fail. In 1837 he was an idiot. He died in the mad-house of Bon Sauveur in 1840.

Examiner.

GENERAL JACKSON.

A plain farmer in the neighbourhood who got into the stage with us, not far from the hermitage, to go to Nashville, and who had lived near General Jackson betwixt twenty and thirty years, gave us a very interesting account of this distinguished man; which, making allowances for the partiality of a neighbour who shared his political opinions, I have no doubt is founded in truth. He said the general was an industrious, managing man, always up to all his undertakings, and most punctual in the performance of his business engagements: that his private conduct was remarkable for uniformly inclining to justice, generosity, and humanity: that he was an excellent master to his slaves, and never permitted his overseers to ill-treat them. As to his house, he said it was constantly full of people, being in fact open to everybody; those whom he had never heard of before being asked to dine when they called, and those they had room for being always furnished with beds. For these reasons, he said, everybody respected him, and most people loved him. As to his public conduct, he observed that he was rather an uncompromising man, and liked to have his own way, but that his own way was always a very good one, and a very sensible one, if he was left to himself. He was a man of strong passions, and had once been very much addicted to cock-fighting, horse-racing, and "considerable cursing and swearing," but that he had "quit all these," and was in earnest about doing good to the country. And he added, that if the general was not always right, it was to be laid to the score of some of his political friends, who imposed upon him for their own private ends, a thing not very difficult to do, because when he thought a man his friend he was too apt to go great lengths with him. These remarks, which fell from our fellow-traveller in a quite sensible manner, are so much in accordance with what I have observed and seen of one of the most remarkable men the United States have yet produced, that I listened willingly to a very curious account he gave me of some incidents of the general's early life, which, I believe, have been greatly misrepresented.

Featherstonhaugh's Excursion through the United States.

GERMAN FREEDOM OF THOUGHT.

There is one quality of those modern German writers which, it may be as well to warn unprepared readers, will strike them with wonder and perhaps with fear. This is nothing but that freedom to which we have before adverted. The greater of those men have used their fine and robust faculties in looking at life and nature for themselves; not in order to escape from duty, but to fulfil it more abundantly, and on a larger scale than custom would prescribe. There is nothing more common than the sight of persons, the despair of moralists in all ages, the fools named in Scripture, who throw off a burden which they are too weak to bear bravely, and disown whatever is high and pure within them, that they may sink into inert mean falseness and brutishness. But there is another revolt against popular rules and laws of opinion, having a very different aim from this. The weak man, to get rid of his load, will cut off the arms to which it is tied, and main his powers to escape his obligations; but the strong man who refuses to "carry coals" at the bidding of others, claims only to choose his own load, and will bear willingly and with painful fidelity a far heavier one than the public opinion which he disobeys would have dared to lay

on him. No taskmaster would have made those women, who carried forth their husbands as their most precious commodities, submit to a burden half so weighty. And thus it is with all who engage seriously in the task of life. Freely they chose, and freely perform, a work beyond the compass of all legal injunctions. For freedom is found at last to be nothing else but the willing choice of those conditions which enable our best, most laborious powers to exert themselves for the fittest ends. And this is the freedom towards which every noble soul feels, toils, and bleeds, as towards its native and only vital element, as the plant to light and air, the fish out of the net into the fresh unbounded water.

Foreign Quarterly Review.

NOT AT HOME.

Mrs. Charles Kemble, one morning, giving orders to a newly installed footman—a *clod* whom she had picked up in the country, and who was quite ignorant and unpractised in the *finesse* of polite life, told him that she "should not be 'at home' the whole of that day;" by which intimation the man undoubtedly understood that she intended going out, but hearing a knock at the street door a moment after he had received his order, the man unhesitatingly admitted a party of ladies to the presence of his surprised mistress, who had seared herself at her writing table in all the security of her precaution. Mrs. Kemble received her unwelcome visitors with some embarrassment, looking daggers at the booby, who coloured up to the very roots of his hair, as he withdrew, leaving the incumbances he had forced upon his vexed mistress. Before Mrs. Kemble had presence of mind to recover from this *contre-temps*, another carriage drew up to the door, and Mrs. Kemble, turning her head to the window, perceived it to be that of Mrs. Siddons, and glad that her order for general exclusion had not deprived her of the pleasure of such a visit, she became reconciled to the recent blunder of the stupid footman, and waited with great complacency—her eyes directed to the door of the room—for the dignified entrance of the tragic muse, but, to her great chagrin, the carriage drove away, and *Clod* not appearing with any message, Mrs. Kemble rang the bell somewhat impatiently, and inquired the reason why Mrs. Siddons did not come in. To this inquiry the now *sulky* boor replied, with an expressive waive of his hand towards the visitors—"Why, ma'am, you look'd so black at me for showing in these, that I thought I had better send 't'other away, so I told her you wouldn't see her to-day."

Anecdotes of Actors.

SUMMER IN THE EAST.—During the whole of the dry season, which lasts about eight months, the sky is clear and cloudless, and the heat is insupportable, especially in April and May. From eleven o'clock until three, when the thermometer stands in the shade at 117 to 122 Fahrenheit, it is impossible for any breathing creature to remain in the open air. Every living being, both men and cattle, with equal eagerness, seek the shade to protect themselves from the scorching rays of a fierce sun. Man sits during these hours as if in a vapour bath, his cheerfulness of disposition declines, and he is almost incapable of thought, listless, and with absence of mind he stares vacantly before him, searching in vain for a cool spot. The air breathed is hot, as if it proceeded from a heated furnace, and acts in so enervating a manner on the animal economy that it becomes a trouble even to move a limb. All business ceases, every thing is wrapped in a sleep of death, until the sun gradually sinks, and recalls men and animals again into activity. The nights, on the other hand, are so sharp that it is necessary to be more careful in guarding against the effects of cold in this country than in the northern parts of Europe during the severest winter; for the consequences frequently prove fatal.

Travels in Kordofan.

CHINESE ICE HOUSES.—The ice-houses around Ningpo, and especially on the banks of the river between that city and Chinhae, are beyond calculation. They are built above ground, and generally upon a platform of earth raised so as to be above the level of the surrounding fields. Upon such a mound a bamboo frame is thrown which is well and closely thatched with paddy straw. The ice is collected in tanks or ponds which the proprietors of the ice houses take care to keep duly filled with water in the winter season. When ice is of a sufficient thickness, they collect it; and, as it is brought in, each layer is covered over with dry straw, and in this manner the ice is preserved during the whole summer. Each house has its own drain to draw off the water formed by the melting ice. The article is not used in Ningpo for private consumption but solely as an antiseptic for flesh and fish during the heats of summer. The inhabitants know nothing of the mode of cooling their liquid, except as they have observed foreigners use it for that purpose, and then they are very willing to retail it to them at the rate of from eighty to one hundred cash per bucket, a charge by no means excessive during the dog days. In places like Foochow, the seat of Chinese luxury, ice is occasionally used to cool fruits, sweet meats, &c.

Friend of China.

DEATH SCENES OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.—Mary, Scotland's frail beauty met the "gloomy king" with a degree of resolution not to be expected from her misfortunes, so numerous were they; deserted by every friend except her faithful little dog. Sir Thomas More remarked to the executioner, by whose hands he was to perish, that the scaffold was extremely weak. "I pray you see me up safe," said he; "and for my coming down let me shift for myself." Chaucer breathed his last when composing a ballad. His last production is called "A ballad made by Geoffrey Chaucer, on his death-bed, lying in great pain." "I could wish this tragic scene was over," said Quin the actor; "but I hope to go through it with becoming dignity." Petrarch was found dead in his library, leaning on a book. Rousseau, when dying, ordered his attendants to remove him, and place him before the window, that he might look upon his garden, and gladden his eyes with the sight of nature. How ardent an admirer he was of nature is poetically told in Zimmerman's Solitude! Pope tells us he found Sir Godfrey Kneller (when he visited him a few days prior to his end) sitting up and forming plans for his own monument. His vanity was conspicuous even in death! Warren has observed that Chesterfield's good breeding only left him with death. "Give Drysdale a chair," said he to his valet, when that person was announced. Bayle, when dying, pointed to where his proof-sheet was deposited. Clarendon's pen dropped from his hand when seized with a palsy which put an end to his existence. Bead died in the act of dictating. Roscommon, when expiring, quoted from his own translation of the "Dies Ire." Haller, feeling his pulse, said, "The artery ceases to beat," and immediately died. When the priest, whom Alfieri had been prevailed on to see, came, he requested "him to call to-morrow; death, I trust, will tarry four-and-twenty hours." Nelson's last words were, "Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to an anchor."

FRIENDSHIP FROM COMMON NEGLECT.—John Fitzgibbon (Lord Chancellor of Ireland), Earl of Clare, and Lord Rosse, had been, up to the period of the

union, enemies of no ordinary character. Though they had common friends, they never met in social intercourse; and their feelings of enmity were most intense. Not long after the union had taken place, they found themselves in each other's company at a levee at Carleton House. There was a very great crowd, and it so chanced that Lords Rosse and Clare did not know a single person around them. They remained apart, isolated and disregarded. No one even saluted them. By the jostling of the company, they were brought into close juxtaposition at the head of a staircase, and Fitzgibbon addressed his old enemy in these words:—"Well, there was a place where you and I would have met a different reception." After that day they were both friends up to the time of the chancellor's death, which soon occurred.

Ireland and its Rulers since 1829.

SAGACIOUS ELEPHANTS.

It is astonishing how docile these animals become after being some time domesticated. The mahout, his wife, children, and the elephant all form one family. The elephant has his dinner of large cakes of unleavened bread, prepared for him at the same time as his ruler, and they all eat together. I have seen a mahout and his wife go to the bazaar to make their daily purchases, leaving their child, an infant not able to walk, in charge of the elephant. It was really most amusing and interesting to see the solicitude displayed by this gigantic nurse. As his little charge would crawl nearly out of his reach from the place where he was picketed, he would stretch out his trunk, and gently lifting the infant up, place him down near his feet. After playing about some time, the child got tired and went to sleep, the elephant meanwhile breaking off a green branch from a neighbouring tree, waved it gently backwards and forwards over the face of the sleeping infant lest the flies should disturb him in his slumber. The creature might have been taught to do this, but it still proves of what extraordinary sagacity these animals are possessed. It was once out on a tiger party, in which there was a female elephant remarkably tame and sagacious. She used to come to our tents every morning while we were breakfasting to beg for pieces of bread, or any thing else that was to be had. On being presented with a piece of money she would walk off to the bazaar, and purchase sweetmeats, and woe betide the dealer if he attempted to cheat her. More than once, the mahout informed us, she had pulled the whole shop over the heads of knavish dealers who had not given her a fair exchange for her money. She would draw the cork from a bottle with her trunk, no matter how tightly it was hammered down, and drink the contents. It appeared, indeed, that she was given to strong liquors; and the mahout told us she had been repeatedly dead drunk when gentlemen had given her a sufficient quantity of spirits. Two buckets full, he informed us, was about the quantity necessary to make her groggy. We did not, however, try the experiment, thinking that an inebriated elephant in a close camp would be about as pleasant a customer as a bull in a china shop.

Greenwood's Campaign in Afghanistan.

AN ARAB TENT AND AN ARAB FEAST.

At sunset we reached Ain el Khäber, or the Green Fountain, the site of an encampment of the tribe of Idhor. At this spot we pitched our tent, and were visited by a son of the sheikh, who, on the part of his father, invited us to dinner, which, he said, was all prepared and waiting for us. We accepted the invitation, and found our host within his tent, seated on a cushion covered with the skin of a Caracal lynx, which is said to possess one property of inestimable value in this country, to wit, that a flea will never settle on it: and close to this, fine sheep-skins had been placed for his guests. "Welcome, welcome," said the sheikh; and when we were seated, he added, "Are your seats comfortable? Have you all you require? Are you satisfied?" I replied by pouring out a redundancy of blessing on him and all his family and race, especially his great-grandfather. All further conversation was cut short by one of his slaves, Abd el Habeeb, appearing with a Moorish table beautifully carved and painted in arabesque. It was of a circular form, about two feet in diameter, and raised some six inches from the ground, which, squatting as we were around it, was a very convenient elevation. Upon this table was placed a large Moorish bowl, containing a thick soup, with some kind of vermicelli in it, and highly seasoned with red peppers. In the savoury mess were four wooden spoons of grotesque form, with which we set to work most heartily. The next dish was a stew of beef, accompanied with slices of melon to sharpen the appetite; and then appeared the usual conical dish of kesksou. During the repast not a word was spoken, except it were the ejaculations of *Bismillah* (in the name of God) *al Handoo-billah* (thanks to God) or perhaps a *Saffee Allah* (may God pardon me.) At length the Don and I were compelled to give up the attack upon the mountain of kesksou, to the evident sorrow and surprise of the sheikh, who, as well as the Kaid, continued for a long time to assault it vigorously. The ample dish being at last removed, the sheikh at last broke silence, "Truly, you Christians have made but a poor feast. You require pig—that is your proper food, I am told; and without it you do not thrive. They tell me too," he added, "that you milk your pigs: wonderful, indeed, it is how the Lord's creature's err!" "Blessings upon your beard!" said I: "what false ideas you Moslems have regarding the followers of Seedna Asia (the Lord Jesus.) But let me talk with you about this meat of pig." "God forbid!" said the Arab: "it is even a sin to think of it." "Sin to think of a pig?" said I, taking him rather quickly: "Sin, do you call it? Tell me, O follower of the prophet, who made the pig?" "God," replied the sheikh. "Then," said I, "according to your account, God created sin." The old sheikh reflected for a moment, and turning to the Malleem, said—"Of a truth the young Nazarene has entrapped me; I never heard it put in that way before." * * * Upon this he fell into a brown study. I had not, however, any great idea that I had made a convert; and, indeed, if I had, his next words would have dispelled the illusion. For still harping upon the "father of tusks," he said almost with a sigh, "I am told that there is only one part of the pig which is forbidden; but, unluckily, our prophet forgot to mention which. May God have mercy on us all!" "Amen," I responded; and he changed the conversation.

Mr. Hay's Western Barbary.

A NOCTURNAL DISTURBER.

The present writer recollects being, a few years ago, roused out of his sleep, one wintry morning, about three o'clock, by a violent knocking at the lower part of his house—a rather lonely dwelling, two miles from town. Had this noise proceeded from the front door, it is probable he would have turned on his pillow and gone again to sleep, under a notion that the knocking originated in those facetious gentlemen—adherents of "spring-heeled Jack"—who, in their cups, like their predecessors, the Mohocks, wittily disturbed the nocturnal quiet of families, and thought it good manly sport to terrify women and children. But as the sounds came from the back of the building opening

on a garden into which access was not easy, any suspicion of these heroic revellers was at once dismissed. He instantly jumped out of bed; and, while descending the stairs, the stunning and threatening sounds were repeated. Going to the garden door, he vociferated, "Who's there?" No answer was given; and perfect silence returned. The servant slept in a room adjoining the kitchen. Thither the writer went, and speaking from the outside, inquired if she had heard the loud knocking. "O yes, sir," she replied, "and I am frightened to death."—"Well," added he, "keep where you are, and I'll soon find out what's the matter." He then opened the house door, passed into the road, and, for once in his life, found a policeman at the very moment he was wanted. "Have you seen any one within the last five minutes go out of these premises?" he asked. "No, sir," answered the man. "Nor any suspicious characters about the road?" "No." "We have just been disturbed by a violent noise. Come in, and go with me over the premises." The constable unmasked his light; and every part of the garden, outhouses, kitchen, &c. were examined, but no intruder was found. "I never expected we should see anybody," said the man; "because thieves don't make noises when they go a-housebreaking." "I ought to have thought of that myself," observed the writer; "but I was too suddenly roused out of a heavy sleep. By this time the servant had dressed herself; and, though told by her master to keep her bed, had come forth. "Did you hear these knockings, young woman?" asked the officer. "Yes, yes," answered she; "and never shall I forget them!" The man looked her hard in the face. "Do you ever walk in your sleep?" said he, "No never!" replied the girl, emphatically. This occasioned a new train of ideas in the writer's mind, who, dismissing the policeman, went again to bed, and slept uninterruptedly till daylight. In a few days, the girl, who had been but a short time in the family, gave her mistress warning, saying the place was too lonely for her; and, at last, it was ascertained that, either being scared at the dead silence of the night, so different from the crowded houses of London in which she had hitherto lived, and where perfect stillness never comes, or anxious to create a wondering sensation, she had left her room, determined to bring some evidence of life about her by inflicting heavy blows on the kitchen door. That her master should have been so successfully hoaxed was, doubtless, an additional source of enjoyment. Here was another tale of mystery crushed in the bud.

Ainsworth's Magazine.

SNAKE SUPERSTITIONS.

The superstitious notions of the Syrians respecting serpents and snakes surpass all imaginable measure of absurdity. They attribute numberless powers for good or evil to those disgusting reptiles; and very rarely does a Syrian peasant venture to kill or even to disturb a serpent that has made its nest in a wall, being firmly persuaded that the whole generation of the killed or wounded reptile would implacably pursue the murderer and his kin till their vengeance was satisfied. Precisely the same belief prevails, as we are told by Khol, among the inhabitants of the southern steppes of Russia, who are generally too much afraid of a snake to kill it, even though it take up its abode under the same roof with them. "Let a snake alone," says the Russian, "and he will let you alone; but, if you kill it, its whole race will persecute you." * * * The married woman, whose longings to be a mother have proved vain, in spite of all her vows, and her consultations of santons and sages, betakes her, as a last resource, to the aid of the black serpent; and she feels assured, that if she wears the dead body of one of those creatures next her skin for three days, she will not long be deprived of the honours of maternity. Very serious accidents have often resulted from this practice. Some years ago, a considerable number of dark-coloured snakes, rendered torpid by cold, were carried down by the river to Caiffa, near Mount Carmel. When the circumstance was made known, all the married women of the district who were not blessed with children flocked to the spot, to get themselves a snake for a girdle: but the snakes, many of which were venomous, were only numbed; the warmth of the body revived them, and the lives of several of the women were greatly endangered by the bites they received. It is said that one unfortunate young woman, who had consented with extreme repugnance to employ this horrible remedy, was so terrified when she felt the cold pressure of the reviving reptile, as it writhed round her body, that she threw herself from the house-top, and was killed on the spot.

Library of Travel.

A LOYAL AUDIENCE.

Mr. Cherry, the comedian, was a worthy and a clever man; yet, like many other clever and worthy men, irritable withal. He was, moreover, very smart at *impromptu*, and often witty. During his early days, in one of the provinces, he was performing *Autolycus*, in the *Winter's Tale*, in which character he had to remark—with an expressive action of his finger upon his forehead—

"The king is a very good man, but—he wants it here!"

The unlettered part of the audience, who knew no distinction of date or place, but viewed the whole world as *England*, and knew nothing of *time* but *time present*, construed the above speech into rank treason; and the demigods, brimful of British loyalty, hurled upon the devoted head of the actor their loudest thunder, precluding the continuation of the play, until the better portion of the auditors exerted their influence over "the poorer born," and succeeded in producing a temporary calm. The offender, who was, like Grumio,

"A little pot, and soon hot,"

could not control his irritation, at the gross stupidity of those on high; and Cherry bounced forward, his eyes significantly directed to those he was about to address (who doubtless expected an abject concession and apology from the culprit who had so offended "ears polite,") and, with an emphasis of anger and contempt, exclaimed—"It's the King of *Sardinia*—ye *Pumps*." This *polite explanation* amused the better informed portion of the audience, but was evidently not mistaken for a compliment by the parties named, to whom it gave another handle for pouring forth a fresh flood of indignation, which now fell in torrents upon the overwhelmed delinquent, who having pumped his own anger dry, resolved to receive with patience and forbearance the whole tide of popular displeasure. His resolution was immediately put to the test, for, as if to show him that the "*pumps*" was not without *suckers*, one of the most thin-skinned among them aimed a large orange, with such precision, that it struck violently upon the chest of the actor. This outrage, for a moment, seemed to cool the waters of their wrath, and to occasion a general stagnation. A dead silence ensued, which gave Cherry the advantage, for he quickly and meekly picked up the fruit of his indiscretion; and after examining it for an instant, pithily observed—"That is not a *Civil* (Seville) orange!"

Anecdotes of Actors.

A DINNER WITH THE RAJAH OF BHURTPORE.—The Rajah of Bhurtpore gave an entertainment to the European residents of Agra, while we were there. He had some large tents pitched near the fort, handsomely carpeted, and hung

with a most singular collection of handsome glass lustres, gilt chandeliers, tin candlesticks, valuable paintings, and twopenny prints, mixed together in most heterogeneous confusion. He evidently thought them all very fine and well matched. We sat down, in number about two hundred, to a dinner in the European style, which was really exceedingly well got up, excepting that there was the same mixture of the best and commonest description of articles, as was exhibited in the adornment of the tents. Some of the plates and dishes were of the richest china, while others were of the meanest blue crockery, and handsome ivory-mounted table cutlery was mixed up with the vilest black-handled imitations of knives and forks I ever saw. In the centre of the table was an immense pie, to ascertain the contents of which much curiosity prevailed. At last it was cut open by some one near, when out flew about twenty little birds, which had been concealed under this mountain of paste. The rajah seemed much tickled at the surprise depicted in the countenances of those around, and laughed till his fat sides shook again. It was, however, no effort of the obese potentate's own invention; hardly any native entertainment ever taking place without some dish of the kind. There was plenty of wine of all sorts, champagne corks were flying in every direction, and altogether the banquet was on the most liberal scale.

Varieties.

DELPH FAIR.—MARRIAGE CUSTOM IN 1634.—About the 9th of June was Delph Fair, which they call their *kairnes*: it holds about a week: it is equivalent to a fair with us and wakes. Upon Thursday, the women that want and desire husbands present themselves, make choice of their seats in Delph church, where the boors that want wives come to make their choice; and when they affect any woman, after some few questions: "Who are your parents and friends?" and "Who are your's?" if the woman like the man and affect him, they go out and drink, and then in their cups they treat of portions, &c., and if all things concur, are suddenly married.—*Sir Wm. Brereton's Travels.*

COSTLY DANCING.—It is stated, that when the Polka first began to be the rage in Paris, an English lady of fashion applied to Perrot, the ballet-master at her Majesty's Theatre, in London, to give her lessons. Perrot, having enough to do without being pestered with private teaching, was not disposed to accept the offer. Not liking, however, to give a flat refusal to so high a lady as the fair applicant, he told her that his price would be five pounds a lesson, thinking that she would never dream of paying so enormous a sum: in that he was disappointed. "The price is nothing," said the lady: "give me the lesson." Perrot did so; and, in less than a week, he had a great number of other pupils at the same rate.

FASHION AND ITS ABSURDITIES.—A fashion always becomes more fashionable as it becomes more ridiculous. People cling to it as they pet a monkey, for its deformity. The high head-dresses of France, which must have been a burden, made the tour of Europe, and endured through a century. The high heels, which almost wholly precluded safe walking, lasted their century. The use of powder was universal until it was driven out of France by republicanism, and out of England by famine. The flour used by the British army alone for whitening their heads was calculated to amount to the annual provision for 50,000 people. Snuff had been universally in use from the seventeenth century; and the sum spent on this filthy and foolish indulgence, the time wasted on it, and the injury done to health, if they could have been thrown into the common form of money, would have paid the national debt of England. The common people have their full share in this general absurdity. The gin drunk in England and Wales annually amounts to nearly twenty millions of pounds sterling; a sum which would pay all the poor rates three times over, and, turned to any public purpose, might cover the land with great institutions—the principal result of this enormous expenditure now being to fill the population with vice, misery, and madness.

A GENUINE BULL.—An Irish paper lately gave an account of a duel, and announced the result of the meeting in these words:—"The one party was wounded severely in the chest, and the other fired in the air." Query, who wounded the sufferer?

Foreign Summary.

ELECTRIC FLUID.—M. Thilorier and M. Ch. Lafontaine have submitted for the opinion of a committee of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, experiments which appear to them to prove the existence of a new imponderable fluid analogous to electricity or to magnetism. The committee to examine and report are MM. Magendie, Chevreul, Becquerel, Regnault, Dutochet, and Poncelet.

Paris Letter.

The Wellington City Statue was, by great exertion on the part of the workmen, placed upon its pedestal on Tuesday last, the anniversary of Waterloo. The King of Saxony happening to be on a visit to the Lord Mayor at the time, the occasion was seized to invite his Majesty, impromptu, to the opening of this tribute of civic gratitude for the Duke of Wellington's services when in office; and thus, an additional royal *éclat* was given to the ceremony.

THE UPAS TREE.—A living plant of this celebrated tree was lately presented to the Horticultural Society by the East India Company, and is now growing in the Chiswick garden. It is in perfect health, and, notwithstanding the fables of Dutch travellers, may be approached with safety. It is, however, so virulent a poison that no prudent person would handle it without proper precaution.

SHAKESPEARE'S JUG.—This relic of the immortal bard has found its way to Gloucester, having been purchased at Mrs. Turberville's sale by Mrs. Fletcher, the wife of Mr. Fletcher, gunsmith, who purchased it for nineteen guineas and the duty. The jug is of cream-coloured earthenware, about nine inches in height. It is divided longitudinally into eight compartments, and horizontally subdivided, and within these the principal deities of the Grecian Mythology are represented in rather bold relief. It was demised with other effects of Shakespeare, to his sister Joan, who married William Hart, of Stratford-upon-Avon. The Harts subsequently settled in Tewkesbury, and the jug was preserved by them through several generations with religious care; but a few years ago it passed out of their hands. Mrs. Fletcher is a direct descendant of the Harts, and by her spirited competition she has again brought the interesting relic into the possession of her family, which had for so many years preserved it.

THE MADONNA OF LORRETTO.—The treasure of the sanctuary of Our-Lady-of-Loretto has just vanished. The event has thrown the Court of Rome into consternation. At the time the French conquered Italy, the Pontifical Government removed to Rome the Madonna's rich coffer, in order to shelter it from the profane covetousness of the conquerors. Since the restoration it has been conveyed back to Loretto, and new offerings had increased its richness. Count Rocchi, Receiver-General of the province of Ancona, to whose custody the

coffer of holy Loretto was intrusted, had embarked in an Austrian steamer proceeding to Trieste, and carried off the contents of all the coffers, the keys of which he had in his possession.

According to the Vienna journals, the population of that capital amounts to 375,834 souls; being an increase of 113,814 since 1820.

The nuptials of Lord Charles Wellesley, son of the Duke of Wellington, and Miss Pierrepont, only daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Pierrepont, are to be solemnised on Saturday next. The Duke of Wellington gives a *déjeuner* at Apsley House, in celebration of the marriage, to which about 100 of the leading aristocracy are to be invited.

The Carlton Club is to be dissolved and reformed, so as to exclude one or two members (say Mr. Twiss and Mr. Walter) who are accused one or both of having reported a private meeting for the columns of the *Times*. The old and the new Tories are divided as to the proper method of reuniting the members.

A WONDERFUL STORY.—We find the following in the *Echo de la Nièvre*:—"In the night of the 11th inst., a diligence, proceeding from Paris to Clermont, being at a short distance from Maltaverne, was lifted off the road by the effect of a thunder-storm, and carried over a large ditch into an adjoining field. Carriage, travellers, and horses were left there as if by enchantment. The carriage was not upset, but a strong smell of sulphur, and a large hole in the trunk of the carriage, demonstrated by the passage of the electric fluid the cause of the accident. The travellers could scarcely believe their eyes when they alighted."

THE SUSSEX PEERAGE.—At the close of Mr. Earles summing up of the evidence before the committee of the house of lords, last Friday, the Lord Chancellor submitted to the Common Law Judges the following question, and the committee then adjourned *sine die*:—"Evidence being offered of a marriage solemnised at Rome, in the year 1793, by an English priest according to the rites of the Church of England, between A. B. a son of his majesty King George the Third, and C. D. a British subject, without the previous consent of his said majesty, assuming such evidence to have been sufficient to establish a valid marriage between A. B. and C. D. independent of the provisions of the Statute of the 12th George III. cap. 11, would it be sufficient, having regard to that statute, to establish a valid marriage in a suit in which the elder son of A. B. claims an estate in England as son of A. B. by virtue of such marriage?"

FUNERAL OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.—The remains of the late celebrated poet, Thomas Campbell, will be interred in the Poet's Corner, in Westminster Abbey, on Wednesday July 3rd. The late poet, in his will, mentions two articles as the "jewels of his property." The articles consist of a silver bowl, presented to him by the students of Glasgow when he was rector of that university, and a copy of the engraved portrait of Queen Victoria, with her majesty's autograph to it, given to him by her majesty.

LIBRARY OF THE LATE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—The extensive collection of books contained in the late Duke of Sussex's library, at Kensington Palace, is about to be submitted to public auction. The sale will be divided into three parts—the first comprising the duke's collection of Bibles and theological works; the second, the collection of manuscripts; and the general literature. The catalogue of the first part has just been issued: it forms a bulky octavo volume of nearly 300 pages, and includes 5,551 lots, which may be roughly estimated at 10,000 volumes. The sale of this division will occupy no less than twenty-four days, and the first ten days are devoted almost exclusively to the disposal of the rare assortment of Bibles above alluded to.

AN ADMIRER OF NOVELTY.—Some years ago a distinguished minister of the Church of Scotland, who then resided in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, met one of his parishioners one day, and after a little general conversation, rather significantly hinted that he was seldom to be seen in the parish church. The excuse made was, that, owing to *sameness*, the minister's prayers became *wearisome* to him. This was demurred to, and an explanation was requested. "Well," said the ready-witted catechuman, "I never heard one of your morning prayers but you repeated that not a sparrow could fall to the ground without the permission of the Almighty. Now, that is perfectly true and very good; but, sir, if you would condescend to alter the name of the bird it would be a bit of a novelty to your congregation."

Liverpool Albion.

DOMESTIC GAS-APPARATUS.—Scientific journals notice, among their novelties, an apparatus for the production of gas from any fire which is kept in constant use, such as a common kitchen grate, a steam-engine, or other large furnace. The invention is the property of Cordon and Smith of Nottingham, who have recently obtained a patent for the apparatus, which is described as exceedingly simple and manageable, and capable of generating an abundant supply of gas at little or no expense beyond the original cost. We have slight hopes, we must confess, of every household becoming its own gas manufacturer; but if the promise of the invention be fulfilled, there can be no doubt of its adoption in factories and other establishments having furnaces at their command, and requiring an almost constant supply of this now necessary article of illumination.

NEW DIVING-BELL.—French journals mention with just triumph a discovery by Dr. Payerne, which promises to be of utility in submarine operations. It is well known that the metal coffers used as diving-bells are supplied with respirable air by means of a forcing pump stationed above water. A constant stream of air is injected through a flexible tube, thus requiring several relays of workmen for the pump, and thereby rendering the process one of great expense and unremitting vigilance. Dr. Payerne proposes to do away with this by using a bell of a new construction, in which he prepares his own atmosphere. By a chemical apparatus he absorbs the carbonic acid gas, and produces oxygen and nitrogen in proper proportions to form a respirable mixture. An experiment was lately made in the Seine with this new bell, which completely succeeded—the inventor remaining under water for fully half an hour without feeling the least inconvenience. It is stated in the scientific journals, that with Dr. Payerne's apparatus a person may remain under water for an indefinite period at the depth of 150 feet; and hopes are confidently entertained of the invention being shortly adopted in the erection of deep-water structures, in searching for sunk treasure, in fishing for coral and pearl and in other submarine operations.

We find by the English papers that Messrs. Wilmer & Smith, of Liverpool, on the arrival of the steamers at that port from Boston, run an express to London, and frequently perform the entire journey, 210 miles, in six hours! In consequence, Lloyd's great insurance in London have appointed these gentlemen their Liverpool agents. Wilmer & Smith's express bag is closed at Adams & Co.'s office, 7 Wall-street, New York, at 4.30 P.M. on the day previous to the steam ships leaving Bos on, on the 1st and 16th of each month, and all newspapers intended for Lloyd's should be addressed care of Wilmer & Smith, and left at 7 Wall-street, by which they will reach their destination frequently from 12 to 20 hours in advance of the mails.—*N. Y. Courier.*

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 91-2 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1844.

While men are busily occupied in boasting the enlightenment of the age in which we live, whilst writers extol the trophies of physical science and the progress of Art, it would not be unworthy the reflective mind, to ponder on a topic as intimately connected with the solid happiness of the world, to pause and ask what progress has been made in the principles of Ethics, or in the practical morality of our much vaunted age. It is certainly true that our times are marked by ceaseless activity, by a curiosity, that, although frequently puerile, has often led the way to discoveries of value. But is all this man's highest aim and end? was it to control and modify the material elements that he was sent into existence? He who would answer affirmatively, would evidence a paltry appreciation of the great system around him, of the great Author, and the high capacities of the human mind, that lesser world, so hard to conquer, and so difficult to explore. Leave the trophies of labour to the Ancients. It is too late in the day, and moreover the Sun of Knowledge shines too bright and strong for us to make an effort to equal their Egyptian pyramids, their Elephantine caves, and their Chinese walls. Let us be content with our legitimate sphere of action, nor take a retrograde step for the purpose of obtaining a questionable honor, when we build our fame upon a mechanical ingenuity, and the developments attendant upon the division of labor. We mistake our true glory—our wandering assumes the shape of the inverted pyramid. The proportion, the beauty, as well as the solidity disappears, and the ideal edifice totters in the dust. Once more let us ask, what is the morality of the Times? It is with pain that we are bound to believe that a faithful answer would not be to our credit—that the morality of our age is not what it should be, what it might, and will be. It would be a long and tedious task to enumerate the anomalies that exist between our preaching and practice, and the gross blotches that disfigure the social features of our country; yet there is one vice which prevails, for which nothing can be said, either in defence or extenuation, and that vice is gambling. It is very remarkable that this crying evil has not attracted public attention more—has not, ere now, kindled a righteous enmity, strong enough to extinguish it for generations. Whilst duelling has drawn down upon it the scathing execrations of the moral, the merciful of every class—its blood relation, gambling, stalks abroad, untrammelled, unrebuked. What inconsistency! The voice of all the million, the burning lava of their denunciations, the restrictive forces of legislative enactment, have successively as faithful allies, attacked the duellist, and drawn a partial shield of safety around every man who goes abroad in the world. But what has public opinion done to stop the gambler. They have denounced the person of the duellist,—but has the table of the gambler been overturned?—No, it is tolerated. It has its patrons as well as the pulpit. It is time the wise and the good should speak out. It is time for the guardians of public safety, of public morals, to denounce a system of robbing as flagrant and atrocious, and more base because more cowardly, than the deeds of the proscribed footpad, or the prowling burglar. For the honor of this country we should let none of the Monarchies of Europe lead the way in enlightened reform. If we are zealous for our reputation, we had better look abroad, and look well at home too. In England, where trials by combat were not much more than two centuries ago a legalised procedure, they have surmounted the difficulty of casting off the force of prejudice and condemned the institution of gambling. The laws too are latterly become more stringent in relation to gambling, and public opinion has assumed a tone healthy enough to place the gambler nearly in the same category with the thief. Our municipal authorities may, at a very cheap rate, make this great emporium their debtors for a long period. We invite them to lay hands upon all gamblers, to overturn the tables of the money flingers, to treat the fraternity as they deserve, as the most virulent foes of domestic happiness that ever contaminated society.

The Drama.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—This delightful place of amusement, under the management of that prince of caterers, Mitchell, continues to attract crowded audiences. The splendid Spectacle of the "Revolt of the Harem," has been the chief attraction with the burlesque of the "Revolt of the Poorhouse," thus truly blending the sublime and the ridiculous. The comic Opera of "John of Paris," with Mitchell as *Pedrito Potts*, was well performed on Monday evening, together with the first Act of "La Somnambula." The dancing of *Mons. Martin, Mlle. Desjardine*, and *Les Desmoiselles Vallee*, was excellent, but the "Pas Seul Villageois," by *Miss Partington*, the gem of the evening, was deservedly encored.

BOWERY THEATRE.—On Wednesday evening *Mr. I. P. Waldron*, the Treasurer of this favourite establishment took a benefit. We are happy to say it was a bumper. The sterling comedy of "Money," was produced with *J. R. Scott* as *Evelyn*. *Mr. Hadaway*, the new favourite, as *Graves*, and *Mr. De Bar* as *Blount*. It was performed in excellent style.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—The Manager of this flourishing Theatre has succeeded in getting the prize comedy, playing with such success in London, of "Quid Pro Quo." It will be produced on Monday, and from the expense and care with which they are getting it up, we have little doubt of its success, but

shall be more able to speak of its merits next week. *J. Wallack, Junr.*, and *Mrs. Flynn* have been playing rather a successful engagement here.

Mr. Lennox, the celebrated delineator of Scottish character is now playing a short engagement at the Montreal Theatre.

Ole Bull, on his return from Quebec, where he electrified the Canadians, is advertised for a Concert at Buffalo, on Monday.

Mr. Macready made his last appearance at Montreal on the 22d inst.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

FRIENDLY MATCH BETWEEN THE ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB OF NEW YORK AND THE CRICKETERS OF SYRACUSE, PLAYED BY THE FORMER ON MONDAY 22d JULY ON THEIR WAY TO TORONTO.

In consequence of an intimation that the selected eleven of the St. George's Cricket Club would pass through Syracuse on their way to play a return match with the Toronto Cricket Club, the players of Syracuse in a free and liberal spirit met the St. George's men on their arrival there on the evening of the 21st inst., and proposed a friendly day's sport, which was frankly acceded to. The Syracusans, although they have no organised club, have several Englishmen who love the game, and their eleven was soon made up. Leave was liberally and cheerfully given by *Mr. Rust*, of the principal Hotel there, to play upon his ground, and a really fine day's play was made.

It is very true that the Syracusans have fallen vastly short in the match; but it must be admitted that they brought together players who are competent to do much better things than they effected, but, being no club, they very much wanted a community of purpose. There is the germ of a fine club, wanting only organisation and regulation.

The following is the play:—

SYRACUSE.		ST. GEORGE'S.	
FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Munn, run out	2	c. Waller, b. Ticknor	0
J. Pearson, c. Turner, b. Wheatcroft	1	run out	2
Harnbrook, c. Waller, b. Wheatcroft	0	b. Wright	0
Oliver, c. Ticknor, b. Wright	4	run out	0
Kentfield, b. Wheatcroft	12	b. Wright	3
Lofty, s. by Tinson	0	b. Wright	0
Payne, c. Bailey, b. Ticknor	4	not out	2
H. Pearson, c. Turner, b. Wright	3	b. Wright	6
Collins, b. Ticknor	0	b. Ticknor	1
Jarvis, not out	2	b. Wright	0
Dallman, b. Wright	0	Byes	8
Byes	3		
	31	First innings	31
		Total	53

ST. GEORGE'S.	
Wild, stumped by Munn	0
Tinson, bowled by Payne	9
Turner, c. Dallman, b. H. Pearson	7
Ticknor, run out	0
Wright, bowled by Jarvis	38
Wheatcroft, b. Jarvis	27
Syme, bowled by Payne	22
Smith, b. Payne	0
Bradshaw, not out	0
Bailey, leg before wicket	0
Waller, run out	1
No Balls	2

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In this party Groom was left behind in consequence of the death of his brother, and *Mr. Waller* made the 11th player in his stead. He has either been underrated or has underrated himself, for on this occasion he played very prettily, and made two very clever catches. We need not particularise the play as the Syracusans are not a club, but a gathering together suddenly of those who love the noble game. But for hospitality and kindness it is impossible to surpass them; nor should the reception given to us on our way by *Mr. Rust* of the principal Hotel here, be omitted. We all partook of an excellent supper together on Monday evening, and this morning (Tuesday) we proceed to Toronto.

A Single Wicket Match was begun in the evening but was drawn on account of Sunset. It was three St. George's men, against 6 Syracusans, and the play at conclusion stood thus:—

ST. GEORGE'S CLUB.		SYRACUSE PLAYERS.	
Ticknor, b. by H. Pearson	10	Collins, b. by Ticknor	0
Wright, c. by Munn	6	Payne, b. by "	0
Wheatcroft, run out	3	H. Pearson, b. "	0
	19	Munn, run out	10
			10

Literary Notices.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HEINRICH STILLING. New York: Harper & Brothers. —This is a work of really peculiar interest, and equal moral and religious instruction. It is a narrative of human vicissitudes from childhood's earliest career to the closing scenes of a life, full of incidents, with many of which the reader is reminded of the familiarity that teaches his own past and present condition. From the humble life of a labourer he emerged to the improved condition of a tailor, he then became a schoolmaster, and reached the profession of a Doctor, a lecturer of universal instruction, and a Christian of distinguished

piety. The work is translated by Mr. S. Jackson, and we are informed truthfully to the original.

THE WANDERING JEW. New York: Winchester.—This is the translation by Herbert of the latest production of one of the most popular writers of the age. Full of all the exciting matter that characterises the "Mysteries of Paris," "Matilda," &c., Eugene Sue seems to rise in sentiment and thrilling incident above himself, and as far as we have seen of the work, (the first number,) a harvest of interest and entertainment is in prospect that, we trust, will not only gratify the general reader but bestow a handsome remuneration to the enterprise of the publisher, who, at great expense, has secured the privilege of being the first to publish the work in a language familiar to all.

COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE. New York: Israel Post.—The increasing popularity and improving elegance of this work reflect the highest credit upon the editor, Mr. Inman, and the publisher, Mr. Post. The August number contains two admirably executed engravings, one from a picture by H. Inman, of Caliban, Meranda, and Prospero, from the "Tempest," the other, an historical painting by the French artist, Schopes. The contributions are good, and conspicuous amongst them is one by H. P. Grattan, full of Irish wit and drollery.

MADAME DE STAEL'S "CORINNE, OR ITALY." H. Langley: Astor House.—This, perhaps the choicest of the productions of this accomplished authoress, is not diminished in interest by the translation. There is a fidelity of tone that a high and accomplished scholar alone could infuse into a language of peculiar idiom, and the poetical effusions now first brought to general apprehension by the pen of L. E. L., in her pure translation, renders it deserving of a position in the library of standard novels.

THE REPOSITORY OF MODERN ROMANCE, FOR JULY. J. Winchester: New York. This is a monthly publication containing the best serial novels of the day. The present No., we see, contains the new story by Dr. Lever, "The Nevilles of Garretstown," which promises well, if we may judge by the opening chapters.

THE MCKENZIE CASE, WITH A REVIEW.—By James Fennimore Cooper. New York: H. G. Langley.—This work, incomparably well got up, comprises an authentic account of the proceedings of the Naval Court Martial convened upon specific charges preferred against Capt. McKenzie by the late Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Upshur. The events attending the untoward causes of this Court Martial, are painfully fresh in the memory of the community, and we have no doubt this work will be extensively read.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW FOR AUGUST.—New York: H. G. Langley.—This number is equally as attractive as the former numbers, and is embellished with an excellent portrait of Mr. Cooper.

GOVERNESS WANTED.—An accomplished lady of refined manners is wanted to finish the Education of one young lady, and to undertake the entire charge and instruction of two others, 10 and 5 years of age. A thorough knowledge of French, Music, and Drawing, with the usual English Branches, will be required. She will have the assistance of some masters. An Episcopalian of pious disposition, one who has had experience, and can take maternal care, and give maternal advice, would be preferred. To such, a comfortable and a permanent home is offered. References of the most unexceptionable character will be expected. Letters (post-paid) addressed "Clericus," at the office of the Anglo American, No. 4 Barclay-Street, will meet with attention. The situation will not be filled for one month, in order to afford opportunity for applications from a distance.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.—PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
EMBELLISHED WITH UPWARDS OF 30 ENGRAVINGS IN EACH NUMBER
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Established May 14, 1842—a Pictured Family Newspaper, containing Essays on Public Affairs, Literature, Fine Arts, The Drama, Sporting Intelligence, Science, and a record of all the events of the week at home, abroad, or in the Colonies; the whole illustrated in a high style of art by engravers of the first eminence, printed in a form convenient for binding, and comprising 16 PAGES and 48 COLUMNS OF LETTER PRESS, in a typography consistent with the beauty and neatness of the Embellishments.

The Proprietors of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS have no longer to usher forth the world a mere prospectus of a purpose and design. The project which they at first conceived in a spirit of sanguine ambition, has within a comparatively short period, been crowned with the most gratifying and unprecedented success. With the rapidity of tropical vegetation, their seed has grown to fruit, and the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS is now the only FAMILY NEWSPAPER, properly so characterized, which, exceeding all its contemporaries in the amount of public patronage allotted to it, can claim as

CIRCULATION OF 50,000 COPIES,
and proudly takes rank as the first of all the weekly journals of the empire. The fact is a source of mingled gratitude and pride—of pride, because no expedients of imposition—no mean subterfuges have been resorted to, but a stand has been made upon the simple merits of a system which its proprietors have only now to study to improve into as much perfection as a newspaper can attain. To the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, the community are indebted for the first combination of all the varieties of public intelligence, with the fertile and exhaustless resources of the fine arts—the development of a new and beautiful means of extending and confirming the interests of society over all the topics within the circle of its life and action—the giving brighter presence and more vivid and palpable character and reality to every salient point and feature in the great panorama of public life.

And in the cementing of this new and happy union, the Editor of this newspaper has sought no adventitious aids to attain his purpose of success. He has not pandered to the prejudices of the high, nor the passions of the lower orders of society,—he has avowed the countenance of no party in the state or among the people, but taking the high ground of neutrality, has contented himself with the advocacy of justice, morality and truth—to raise the standard of public virtue—to palliate the distresses of the poor—to aid the benevolence of the rich—to give a healthy moral tone to the working of our social system—to uphold the great principles of humanity—to promote science—encourage belles lettres and beaux arts—foster genius and help the oppressed—in a word, to enlist all the nobler influences which impel the progress of civilization and tend to dignify the character alike of nations as of men. This should be the enlarged purpose of the honest public journalist, and to take its humble part in the promotion of such purpose is the cherished and avowed ambition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

To achieve this, the proprietors have not scrupled to enlist the first available talent, both in literature and art, and the consequence has been a declaration of public opinion in their favor and the recorded encouragement and welcome of the whole provincial press. When this beautiful work is considered in all its details—the talent and skill of the artists—the elaborate execution of the engraver, notwithstanding the rapidity with which many of the engravings have been done—the varied talent displayed in the editorial department—the beauty of its printing—the quality of its paper, and, unlike all other newspapers, is well worthy of preservation, forming as it does a splendid volume every half year, and a work of art never surpassed,—besides various other items which could be enumerated, it must be acknowledged, that in these days of cheap literature, it is beyond comparison the greatest wonder that ever issued from the press.

* The great success of the Illustrated London News renders it necessary that the public should be on their guard that inferior publications are not substituted for this paper. The "Illustrated London News" is published every Saturday, and maybe had of all the booksellers in the United States and Canada.

N.B.—Also all the back numbers.

March 16-17

M. RADER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and manufactured Tobacco. Ap 20-1y.

THOMAS H. CHAMBERS,
(Formerly Conductor to Dubois & Stodart.)
PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER,
No. 385 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

N.B.—All Piano Fortes sold at this Establishment are warranted to stand the action of any climate. May 11-6m.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA,
FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Arsenics, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.

The following certificate is from a gentleman who lost the whole of his nose from a severe Scrofulous disease. It speaks for itself.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 25, 1842.

Messrs. SANDS:—Gent.—Although I am disfigured and deformed for life, I have not lost my recollection; and never, while I exist, shall I cease to feel grateful for benefits conferred, through the use of your invaluable Sarsaparilla. I was attacked in the year 1828 with a scrofulous affection on the end of my nose, commencing with a small red spot, attended with itching and burning sensations. This induced rubbing, and now commenced the ravages of a disease which progressed as follows: the left nostril was first destroyed, and, continuing upwards, it crossed the bridge of the nose, and, seizing upon the right side, destroyed the cartilage, bone and all the surrounding parts, until, finally, the nose was entirely eaten off; the passage for conveying tears from the eye to the nose obliterated, which caused a continual flow of tears. The disease now seized upon the upper lip, extending to the right cheek, and my feelings and sufferings were such as can better be imagined than described. I am a native of Nottingham, in England, and my case is well known there. The first Physicians in the Kingdom prescribed for me, but with little benefit. At one time I was directed to take 63 drops of the "Tincture of Iodine" three times a day, which I continued for six months in succession. At another time I applied Oil of Vitriol to the parts. After this I used a prescription of Sir Astley Cooper's, but all proved in vain. I continued to grow worse, and as a drowning man will catch at a straw, I used every remedy I could hear of that was considered applicable to my case, until I became disgusted with the treatment, and relinquished all hope of ever getting well.

Many pronounced the disease a Cancer, but Dr. M.—, under whose treatment I was considered I Scrofulous Lupus, and this is the name given it by medical men. As a last resort I was recommended to try change of air and an Atlantic voyage, and in April last I sailed for America, and arrived here in the month of May. The disease continued gradually to increase, extending upwards and backwards, having destroyed the entire nose, and fast verging towards the frontal bone, it seized upon the upper jaw and surrounding parts.

While crossing on the Ferry-boat from Brooklyn to New York, a gentleman was attracted by my appearance, and thus accosted me:—"My friend, have you used the Sarsaparilla?" I replied, I various kinds, and everything else I could hear of; but, said he, "I mean Sand's Sarsaparilla?" No, I replied. "Then use it, for I believe it will cure you." Being thus addressed by a stranger I was induced to make a trial of a medicine he so highly recommended.

I purchased one bottle, which gave some relief, and wonderful to tell, after using your Sarsaparilla less than two months, I feel within me well. The disease is stopped in its ravages, all those racking and tormenting pains are gone, my food relishes, my digestion is good, and I sleep well; and, under the blessing of Divine Providence, I attribute the result entirely to the use of Sand's Sarsaparilla. With desire that the afflicted may no longer delay, but use the right medicine and get cured.

I remain, with feelings of lasting gratitude,
Your friend,

THOMAS LLOYD,

Nutrit Alley, Pearl-street.

STATE OF NEW-YORK,) On this 25th day of November, 1842, before me came Thos. City of Brooklyn, ss. J. Lloyd, and acknowledged the truth of the foregoing paper, and that he executed the same.

HENRY C. MURPHY, Mayor of the City of Brooklyn.

WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA IN NORWICH, CONN.

Read the following from Mrs. Wm. Phillips, who has long resided at the Falls. The facts are well known to all the old residents in that part of the city.

Messrs. A. B. SANDS & Co.—Sirs: Most gratefully do I embrace this opportunity for stating to you the great relief I obtained from the use of your Sarsaparilla. I shall also be happy, through you, to publish to all who are afflicted, as I lately was, the account of my unexpected, and even for a long while despaired of cure. Mine is a painful story, and trying and sickening as is the narrative of it, for the sake of many who may be so surely relieved, I will briefly yet accurately state it.

Nineteen years ago last April a fit of sickness left me with an Erysipelas eruption. Dropsical collections immediately took place over the entire surface of my body, causing such an enlargement that it was necessary to add a half yard to the size of my dresses around the waist. Next followed upon my limbs, ulcers, painful beyond description. For years, both in summer and winter, the only mitigation of my suffering was found in pouring upon those parts cold water. From my limbs the pain extended over my whole body. There was literally for me no rest, by day or by night. Upon lying down these pains would shoot through my system, and compel me to arise, and, for hours together, walk the house, so that I was almost entirely deprived of sleep. During this time the Erysipelas continued active, and the ulcers enlarged, and so deeply have these eaten, that for two and a half years they have been subject to bleeding. During these almost twenty years I have consulted many physicians. These have called my disease—as it was attended with an obstinate cough and a steady and active pain in my side—a dropsical consumption; and though they have been skillful practitioners, they were only able to afford my case a partial and temporary relief. I had many other difficulties too complicated to describe. I have also used many of the medicines that have been recommended as infallible cures for this disease, yet these all failed, and I was most emphatically growing worse. In this critical condition, given up by friends, and expecting for myself, relief only in death, I was by the timely interposition of a kind Providence, furnished with your, to me, invaluable Sarsaparilla. A single bottle gave me an assurance of health, which for twenty years I had not once felt. Upon taking the second my enlargement diminished, and in twelve days from the 5th of October, when I commenced taking your Sarsaparilla, I was able to enjoy sleep and rest, by night, as refreshing as any I ever enjoyed when in perfect health. Besides, I was, in this short time, relieved from all those excruciating and unalleviated pains that had afflicted my days, as well as robbed me of my night's repose. The ulcers upon my limbs are healed, the Erysipelas cured, and my size reduced nearly to my former measure.

Thus much do I feel it a privilege to testify to the efficacy of your health restoring Sarsaparilla. A thousand thanks, sirs, from one whose comfort and whose hope of future health are due, under God, to your instrumentality. And may the same Providence that directed me to your aid, make you the happy and honored instruments of blessing others, as diseased and despairing as your much relieved and very grateful friend,

ASENATH M. PHILLIPS.

Norwich, Nov. 4, 1842.

New London, Co., ss. Personally appeared, the above-named Asenath M. Phillips, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement before me.

RUFUS W. MATHEWSON,
Justice of the Peace.

Being personally acquainted with Mrs. Phillips, I certify that the above asserted facts are substantially true.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDS,
Minister of the Gospel at Norwich, Conn.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. Sands, Wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal, and Alexander Beggs, Quebec, Canada, Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.
The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

Mar. 9-6m.

